DUPLICATE AP 2 .L25

The Land we Love.

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

JULY, 1867.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. III. JULY, 1867. Vol. III.

CONTENTS.

Sketch of Gen. T. R. R. Cobb, By Rev. R. K. Porter, Athanta, Georgia.....183
The Flight of Arethusa, By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Lexington, Virginia.....198
John Milton, By Prof. R. L. Dabney, of Virginia.....199
Dramatic Sketch, By Paul H. Hayne, Augusta, Ga.....204
Evenings in Parliament, By John R. Thompson, Esq., Richmond, Virginia.....206
The Madonna, By Mrs. Fanny Downing, Charlotte, N. C.....221
Mary Ashburton, —— Skipton, Maryland.....222
Callista, By N. C. Kouns, Fulton, Missouri.....231
Humors of the Morgan Raid, By J. Parish Stelle, Caseyville, Kentucky.....233
Tell Me Ye Winds, By Miss Alice A. Hill, New Orleans, La.236
Perfect through Suffering. By Mrs. Fanny Downing, of Charlotte, North Carolina.....238
Richmond, Virginia, Fifty Years Ago, By a Virginia Matron.246
United States District Court, (Poem) By John R. Thompson, Esq.....249
The Haversack.....250
Peach Culture, By Hon. H. W. Ravenel, Aiken, S. C.....257
New York Correspondence.....265
Editorial.....267
Book Notices.....270

THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. III. JULY, 1867. VOL. III.

SKETCH OF GENERAL T. R. R. COBB.

It is impossible in the limits of a magazine article to say all that can, or ought to be said of any one of the noble men, whether officer or private, who had a living hand in the great struggle through which we have so recently passed. Nor is this the time to write the full history of the whole stupendous matter, or the connection of certain individuals with it.—Many of the facts connected with, and belonging to, this great movement cannot now be told; and so of some of the parts of actors in this gigantic struggle, not "played," but acted, a solemn tragedy of real life. Yet we may, and ought, from time to time, to put on record, so much as is fit of both actors and tragedy. Especially is it due to those high-hearted ones, call them mistaken if you please, who lived not to see the cloud and darkness of these latter days, but whose sun went down while it was yet day, amid the glories of well-fought fields, who counted not their lives too dear for a cause in which they saw bound up so much. How insignificant soever such contributions may be, they go to make up the material out of which some coming man, in the far distant future, will write what will then appear not only the most important period in the life of his own land, but, possibly, in that of the world.

Limited then by the space allowed, and by the proprieties of the times, what we shall say of General T. R. R. Cobb, seems wholly insignificant, compared with what we could, and what we are prompted to say—

"Tu vero felix Agricola non vitae tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis."—

No more is pretended than a rapid outline. A volume would be all too small to present the full-orbed power and beauty of this man, so extraordinary in every duty and relation of life.— To intellect of a very high order, there was added the grace and strength of an honest, frank and fearless heart: with an industry, perseverance, and power of work that no difficulties could appall, or long resist. He was enthusiastically devoted to Law, and never attended "political" assemblies until the gathering troubles of 1860-61. Nevertheless, his principles were long since settled, by study, reading, thought and prayer. A friend of his youth and manhood, says: "the feature of his character which struck every one was, his enormous energy, his capacity for work. Take for example the last year of his professional life, 1860. His practice was enough to task the energy of any one man to the utmost. He was at the same time compiling the Georgia Code, and writing the second volume (never finished) of his great work on The Law of Slavery. While thus engaged he lectured daily in the Lumpkin Law School.— He was the controlling trustee and personal director of the Lucy Cobb Institute, and the most active trustee of the University. He was the business man of the Presbyterian church, and the superintendent of its sabbath school; and with it all found time to visit every sick and afflicted family more than any man in Athens. His physical capacity for labor and loss of sleep seemed miraculous. I once knew him attend court at D, sixteen miles off, when one of his children was sick. He would leave the court at sunset, ride home, sit up all night, and be present at the opening of court again in the morning, to labor all day in his cases. This he kept up for four days and nights in succession, without apparent effect on his powers. His success as a lawyer was almost invariable. There was about him that mysterious magnetic power that carried juries with him in spite of difficulties and opposition. He was liberal in his practice. Resorting to no tricks, he won his cases by main strength. He swept the ample round of his profession, and everywhere, by the oldest and wisest and best of them all was recognized and welcomed as their peer, though so young. Utterly devoid of presumption or arrogance, there was yet about him that imperial self-consciousness of power, which marks out the leader and ruler among men in every assembly."

Another, who knew him from childhood says, "my estimate of him in all the relations of life may seem exaggerated, but I must speak the truth. I never saw his equal. His mind was equal to any subject or occasion. As a lawyer, he never had his equal at the Georgia bar. He would have been a statesman in practice as he was in acquirements, if he had not been restrained by considerations I need not mention, from entering on that career. As a military man, he would have been among the first any country ever produced, if the opportunity for the

development of his powers had been presented. He was wholly inexperienced when he determined to enter the army; but in a few months mastered, with ease, the three branches of the service, cavalry, infantry, and artillery." This may seem "exaggerated," but none who ever saw him handle either will question it. His heart was kind and tender—the slightest touch melted him to tears; yet his resolution was unyielding, and his firmness sometimes seemed almost obstinacy. From his school and college days to the final one of his manhood, he brought to everything he undertook an untiring energy which defied competition and guaranteed success.—No one ever thought of his failing in any aim or object. His maxim through life was never to give up anything once undertaken. In the preparation of his great work on the Law of Slavery, he not only renewed his knowledge of French but studied one or more new languages, which he believed necessary to the accomplishment of his purpose. Upon this subject he gathered every thing written, from the bookstalls and libraries of the world. No book how insignificant soever, relating either to its law or literature, was wanting in the remarkable collection he made for this subject. He had set out to master it and lay the truth before the world; and he spared neither time, labor, nor expense to accomplish it. He was cut down, and left it unfinished.

And yet to know him only in his domestic relations, one would have supposed the happiness and care of his family to be the only object of his anxious labor.—After his splendid abilities and culture, the secret of these results lay in his wise economy of time. He never spent an idle moment. His power of self-concentrated industry was amazing. Every moment of his waking hours was devoted to work until dark, after which he spent in the bosom of his family. He mastered theories only to reduce them to living practice. None were so unlettered from whom he could not learn something. Crowning all these high endowments, or rather permeating, sanctifying, and giving new life and power to all, was a simple, whole-hearted faith in Christ. He brought to the inquiry of his relation to God, and the claims of the Redeemer, all the resources of an earnest, honest seeker after truth. And when Jesus revealed Himself as wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, he took Him as all and in all, once and forever. His religion was neither that of cold, hard, logic, the dry conclusion of the intellect, nor the superstition and fanaticism of unreasoning emotion, but the profound and all pervading conviction of the entire man, of the truth as it is in Jesus. To His feet, therefore, he at once brought the whole abundance of his possessions and laid them there with a life-long consecration. Henceforth, in every relation and duty, he was to be first, and always the Christian. He was preëminently a man of prayer, and of faith, the child-like simplicity of which enabled him to lay hold on the exceeding great and precious promises, with an assurance

that scarcely ever knew a shadow. The smallest and the greatest things of life were sanctified by the word of God and prayer.—Untiring in the use of all human instrumentalities, he yet brought every question for final solution to Him who has promised wisdom. Once satisfied there, nothing could shake his soul in its sure repose. His religion was intelligent, impassioned, brave, generous, and pitying. It was religion alive: not gloomy, forbidding, ascetic, but bright, buoyant, attractive. It was with him not a matter of forms and occasions, to be put on to-day and off to-morrow, to be worn as outward garnishment and parade, for its reputed beauty or supposed value. It was the *habit* of the inner-man, informing his whole nature, and glowing in his outward life. The judge on the bench, juryman and client, the crowded assembly, the courts of the Church, from the lowest to the highest, the casual acquaintance and the solitary one, all gave acknowledgement to the power of the Gospel in him. It was not confined to the sanctity of his own heart and home, but broad, genial and radiant, it illuminated his whole career.—With him religion was courteous, tender, pitiful. None was too lowly for his all embracing charity. A very prominent member of the Georgia bar, his life-long friend and companion says: "Common words cannot express the fervor and zeal of his religious feelings and convictions. Wherever he went he carried it with him. At different courts, after laboring at the bar through the long day, he would go to a church and lead a prayer-meeting, or exhort the congregation till midnight, if the occasion made it proper. A single instance of his conscientious sense of duty.

During a court at D—— a revival of religion was in progress in the village. He had been as active as usual all day in court; had gone to the church and led the meeting. Coming to his room at 11 o'clock, he met a messenger who had been waiting for him with a request from a dying negro woman, that, 'she wanted him to come and talk to her about her soul.' The night was dark, the place a half mile off, both negro messenger and woman, total strangers. He went immediately, stayed for two hours, and returned to get what rest he could for the labors of the next day." The rich and the poor, the bond and the free were sacred alike in his regard. None ever parted with him unhelped or empty-handed. He caused the widow's heart to sing for joy, and to-day thousands rise up and call him blessed.

It was impossible for such a man to stand indifferent when the mighty issues of 1860-61 came up. They were not, and never have been, the questions of parties and politics, so-called, the trifling points of a mere electioneering campaign. In common with many others, he thought he saw in it all, the recurrence of one of those great epochs of human history, when men and parties and self-aggrandizement all appear as nothing, and lost, under the overmastering power of those great vital principles, in the revolution

of the ages, now again brought up for trial. Men and parties vanish before these. They are everything. He saw at hand what seemed the final struggle of the two antagonistic powers that had, through so many phases, and for so long, contended in the womb of our system of government.—On the one side, all that is just and right and good, all regulated liberty and self-government; on the other, that fell spirit under whose unhallowed hoof must be trampled down all that the christian patriot and lover of his kind ought to cherish. So he and thousands of us saw it. Infidelity against religion, man against God, wrong against eternal truth and right; the unrighteousness of the unbridled despotism of masses against covenanted and constitutional law. A spirit of evil, radical, agrarian, revolutionary; in the name of God yet godless, of religion, yet irreligious, of right, liberty and law, yet bent on wrong, despotism and license.—In whose vicious and disorganizing march it was to bathe its feet in blood, and scatter fire-brands, arrows and death; before it the destruction that wasteth at noon day, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the terror by night, and the arrow that flieth by day; behind, the smouldering ruins of homes, families, bibles, churches and states. It is not intended now to re-open the question; but simply to state how it appeared to us. It was submitted to the abitrament of the sword. And, as often before in human history, the decision is adverse.

Gen. Cobb's determination of personal duty was not the result of passion and prejudice. He was carried to it by no wild wave of tumult. He loved the Union, as we all did, for the grandeur and glory of its past and present. But there are some things men love better than sentiments and memories. When he saw all in peril that had made the pathway of that union glorious, he paused, and from an elevation, hitherto unsoiled and undisturbed by the dust and din of party strife brought to the question the whole wealth of his powers. But first, last, and always, seeking God's guidance: in all seeking to know His will.—With profound and prayerful solemnity, he reached his conclusion, and with all the strength of his nature, and the power of clear faith, he believed the cause to be that of religion, patriotism, home and country—country, not of a part, but the whole. Once decided it was final, and he threw into the controversy all his resources. He kept nothing back. In the halls of council or in the field, he counted no sacrifice of time, toil, or money, too great. He appeared now on a new arena in his State. Known and trusted through its length and breadth as few men ever were, when he thus appeared the effect was electric. His voice was heard from the seaboard to the mountains, and the coward and the traitor shrank abashed, the timid became brave, and the wavering decided. His name was a tower of strength, and he stood before us as a light and guide, stay and hope for all. He was sent by acclamation to the State Convention, and though new to

the details of statesmanship, was at once recognized as the leader among great leaders. Of course, he was the first among the Georgians chosen to represent his State in the Provisional Congress, that august body, greater than which the world never saw.

How much, and how, and what he did there, we will not now lift the veil to say. Only this, that there, as everywhere, he was *primus inter pares* amid it all, and wielding a power more potent perhaps than any other, he was the same earnest, laborious man, the same humble child-like believer. After a little time, the line of policy seemed so plain, the principles to guide the new government so few and simple that he felt he could do better service as a soldier than a counsellor.—Whether, with other able men, he mistook in this, we will not now discuss—and yet his soul shrank from blood. He writes from Montgomery, "I am sick of all thought of glory. If my Master would only allow me to be an honored instrument in His hands to stay these marauding hosts, and substitute good-will for the hate now engendered, I would feel the crown in another world to be far greater than any glory I could receive from this."

And again, later: "The dark clouds rise rapidly over us! May the Lord lift the light of his countenance upon us! I must be closer to the scene of conflict.—Duty does not yet point out any change in my present position. I wait, I trust patiently, on God. I am ready to serve either in council or in the field, looking forward to independence or death. Read the 46th Psalm. God has never yet deserted His people. I can go to the cannon's mouth with that psalm upon my lips." And again: "If it were God's will without ever shedding man's blood. I have every confidence in the protection of my Father, knowing that if I am wounded or killed He who hath counted the hairs of my head will do all things well.—In thinking of such a contingency, my greatest concern is for my wife and children. May God guard and protect them! We are passing through the fire, but I doubt not this war, terminate as it may, will purify us as a people."

Once the question of duty decided, he bent every energy to his personal preparation for the field; at the same time calling for volunteers to join him. With no false modesty he sought information from every source. He could learn something from every one. He was always learning, and never forgetting. Not satisfied with general principles and theory, he did not rest until thoroughly acquainted with the minutest details and duties of a soldier's life, his wants and work. He felt that he could do, to know the doing to be duty was with him its accomplishment. More men answered than he called for. From the centre to the circumference of the great old commonwealth, his voice was heard. It was heard by the student in the halls of learning, and he laid aside his books. It rang through the marts of commerce, and the man of business dropped his pen and ledger. The professional man stopped in

his daily round, and the minister in the pulpit closed his Bible, to re-open it before those of his people, who were with him able to go to the front. By the plowman in the furrow, in the dwellings of the rich and the cottages of the poor, by the children of ease and sons of toil, it was heard by every class and condition. In it they heard the voice of their common mother calling out from the gathering clouds, and a thousand hearts answered back their readiness with him to do and die for the right. His legion was in Virginia by August, '61. It is not our purpose to write the campaign of that glorious old legion; wherein each arm of it made his and their name illustrious evermore. With thousands of others they proved, on many a well-fought field, that the cause for which they suffered and died was not that of self-interest, passion and prejudice. Peace and blessings on their bones! They fell amid the mountains and vallies and plains, the summer and winter, the sunshine and storm of dear old blessed Virginia; from the door of whose dwellings, cottage or hall, none was ever turned away without a blessing.

From the first, Colonel Cobb put forth all his energy for the moral and physical well-being, and the military efficiency of his troops. He loved the humblest man of them all, as one who had gone out for his country, and who had gone out *with him;* and so a sacred trust for whom he was responsible to God, his country, and home. Especially was he concerned for their religious welfare, to further which, he left no means unemployed. In his military life his religion burned with a stronger, clearer, and steadier light, than ever before. We well remember our first Sabbath service, as we lay near Richmond, before going into the field. Most of the companies, and many of the officers were new to each other. At the close of the sermon, the chaplain called on him to pray.—Many of the hundreds there did not know that their commanding officer was a praying man. And many eyes all unused to tears were filled, as minute after minute he poured from the depths of a full heart, the tender, trembling, strong, soul-speaking words of prayer, hope, and faith, for heaven and native land, for home and dear ones left behind. All at once felt that henceforth there was to be one among and over them, whose great heart was filled with a Saviour's love, and one who would never fail in love and duty to them. Henceforth, immorality and vice hid away from the camp, and all who loved, or wished to love and do the good, felt that in him, they had a bulwark and support. This continued to the end. Ordered to the Peninsula for the winter of 1861-62, he devoted himself with unwearied labor to the good of his command; at the same time attending to his duties in Congress. He brought his men to the highest efficiency by wise and firm discipline, and daily drill.—The result of which they showed on many a well-fought field. The moral and religious improvement of his men lay nearest his heart.

His view was a lofty one. Bad language, drunkenness, and all sin were wholly condemned. He would not allow the meanest mule to be sworn at or cursed.—He regarded his men not as so many parts of a machine for offence and defence, but as immortal men whose souls were to be saved or lost, and whose lives were in daily peril. The whole weight of his personal and official character was thrown upon the side of religion. His time, toil and money were lavishly spent for it. Especially, was he scrupulous as to the sabbath. He never issued an order violative of the holy day but by superior command, and then with the utmost pain. No subordinate ever gave more implicit obedience to his superiors. Yet privately he never failed to bear his testimony against sin. His soul revolted at the sabbath being selected as a day of parade and review, and he never rested until his own command at least was excused from it. Of his first Sabbath parade, in division review, he writes to one far distant, "It is a heaven-daring and God-defying sin. I did not render it any better by being angry to sinfulness. Having to obey I did so, but had a prayer-meeting at night. It may be that I have little idea of military duty, but I firmly believe if we carry out our duty to God, we will be blest."

He allowed nothing but an imperative necessity to interfere with the regular Sabbath and weekly services in his command. He was always present, an humble participant, enjoying the preached word or the social prayer-meeting. In the absence of his chaplain, or other minister, he did not hesitate to lead the meeting himself. And none, who ever hung on his eloquent lips, will forget the majestic fervor and pitying tenderness with which he pressed a dying Saviour on his hearers. The Sabbath and its services, prayer and praise, were sweeter than honey to his mouth. His self-examinations, penitential heart-opening and confessions, known only to the one nearest him, revealed his profound humility and self-abasement before God.

He was ever earnest, anxious and active for the good of the cause and the welfare of his men. Their suffering and distress were his. Nothing that personal labor and ample private resources could do was withheld from their relief. He wept over the death of the lowliest in his ranks. He was not only the commander, but the friend and counsellor of each, the friend of all: strict and firm in discipline, tender and pitying, yet immovable.

He hedged himself about with no freezing forms, no unapproachable military dignity. No rude address, or rough rebuff, ever repelled from his presence; or kept the meanest from the quick enjoyment of his all-embracing sympathy and help.

About this time he writes, "I have prayed God to give me courage to carry out His will, and inspire me with right thoughts.—As yet all seems dark, and nothing but a bloody conflict presents itself in the future. But my faith does not falter. I am not ambitious

of fame. I would rather bring every man home with me alive, than wear any earthly honors with their loss. God forgive all the ambition of my past life!— The night grows darker every hour; and we had better know the truth. 'Is my faith strong?' Yes! I look upward, and God reigns. The storm rages but the master only sleeps. He will guide us and make his power known. This is the time to try men's souls, but let duty be our watchword, and whatever be our destiny, the greater our sacrifice, the greater our blessing."

His command being ordered to North Carolina, he writes from Goldsboro,' "God overrules all things and will allow nothing to befall us not approved of by infinite wisdom and love. I feel that I can trust Him not only with my own life but with, what gives me far more concern, the future of my family, should he take me away. Into his hands I commit all. Before His wisdom and love I bow in adoring gratitude."

Ordered back to the Peninsula on the advance of McClellan, he writes from bivouac near Lee's Mills, "Great as they are, the physical hardships are small, I suffer more from anxiety. But let us dispel all fears. We know not the future, but God reigns.— Every event will be directed by Him for good. Whatever comes is from the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth Him good." "The war is assuming a very bloody aspect. My heart sickens at the prospect, but let us meet it like men. There is one ray of hope, 'God reigns,' (his favorite phrase.) He knows what is necessary for us. I am sometimes tempted to cry out 'O Lord! how long'? But I have seen His wisdom in the past, and my faith strengthens to behold it both in the present and in the future."

He was with the infantry of his Legion on the defences of Warwick river, and writes immediately after the hotly contested engagement of Dam No. 2. "Yesterday I was in my first battle.— I cannot describe my feelings amid the storm of bullets, but I certainly was never less excited in my life. Nor do I think I ever had my heart more earnestly submissive to God's will. May He spare us all to meet again; but thanks for the certainty of many mansions in the home above. I was worn out at night, and my mind wandered from earth to the great I Am, and the blessed land where Jesus is gathering His precious ones." He continued with his little battalion of infantry on the retreat from Yorktown, and until the gathering of our forces around Richmond, for the final struggle with McClellan.

On the alarm of the government, at the expiration of the time of the one year's men he was appealed to, by those in authority, for counsel. His answer was that Georgians would stay in the field, and as many more as were needed would come, if the proper call were made. Being urged, he with others made the call. The State was ready to send them, and they readier to go. On the faith of this call regiment after regiment, and company after company gathered

and hurried on. Very many with the promise (made by him on the ground of most valid assurance) and expectation of being put under his command; more than enough to raise each battalion of his legion to a brigade, enthusiastic for the cause, and with their chosen leader. But all this was prevented. He was not allowed to them, nor they to him. Why, it is improper now to attempt stating. The reasons may never be known. His deep distress and disappointment was not from defeated "promotion," but the utterly false position he was made to assume toward those answering his call, and, what with him was far more serious, the conviction of incompetency or insincerity on the part of those, who had the management of affairs. But he did not, as a holiday soldier greedy of parade, nor as one who lost sight of his country in his own personal aggrandizement, withdraw in chagrin and disgust. He was ready to serve anywhere.—Infinitely above all personal consideration, did he put that blessed cause for which he had staked everything.

In front of Richmond his cavalry and infantry were permanently brigaded with other troops, and he was virtually without a command; yet he did noble service, first with one, then the other until that bloody drama was over.

It was during his brief absence, that the brigade, in which his infantry commanded by gallant Jeff. Lamar was placed, met with the disaster of Crampton Gap.—This, with other causes, seemed to deepen his piety and patriotism, and when he rejoined them at Winchester, it was with a renewed strength and devotion apparent in every action. Here the General commanding was transferred to another field, and as senior Colonel he took charge of the brigade. It was about this time also that he came prominently under the eye of our great leader. That eye that rarely ever made a mistake soon took the just measure of the man, and gave him thereafter his fullest confidence.

Soon the march was southeastwardly. Few knew, or even dreamed the destination and the issue. The details of a march from Winchester to Fredericksburg, in midwinter, need not be told. The time, labor, exposure, sacrifice and suffering, has not the same been often told in the story of many a Confederate march on half, quarter, many times, no rations? As the division paused at Culpeper Court House, he received, to his great surprise, his commission as Brigadier. From Winchester to Fredericksburg he walked four-fifths of the way, and his staff with him, through snow, rain and mud. While walking, on his horses were seated the sick, foot-sore and worn down.—The humblest man less able was never allowed to do anything that he could take upon himself. Every possible means was used to perfect his brigade. Minute personal inspection of every department, rigid requirement from all subordinates, and, whenever a day allowed, he had company, regimental and brigade drill by himself—this was the method by which his

sleepless vigilance and tireless industry prepared his willing men, not all too soon, for the solemn work so near ahead.

Fredericksburg was reached.—We camped in sight of his mother's home. We rested by the trees under whose shadows his ancestry played. As we lay there, still in earnest and silent preparation for any movement of the enemy, scarce dreaming that Burnside's folly would lead him to attack as he did, by no means the smallest preparation was our religious services, at which our commander was always found unless kept by immediate military duty. Our sabbath worship, our nightly prayer-meetings we held in hearing of the enemy's drums, and with the sound of his tattoo we gathered in our "inquiry meetings," amid the snow and sleet of the bleak and unsheltered hills.—In these sacred meetings, we had no thought or word than the holy Gospel of our Lord; no anger, wrath, enmity. We thought and felt and prayed for country, home, friends and heaven; even for those whose camp-fires reminded us that they were at hand breathing out threatening and slaughter against us.

The battle began. Barksdale had made his magnificent defence. General Cobb was ordered in to relieve. It was a solemn moment. He never believed that he would survive the war. Long since he had made up his mind. And he went forward with the highest of all human courage, that of one who knows the danger, believes in his own fall and, nevertheless, pale and strong, moves on to the very end of duty, even though it be in the sudden extinction of all the life and light, the bliss and beauty of earth. As the brigade was falling in, we murmured over together portions of the 91st Psalm. He dwelt in the secret place of the most High, and abode under the shadow of the Almighty: covered by His feathers, under His wings did he trust.—His truth was his shield and buckler. He gave the exceeding great and precious promises of that Psalm no limited interpretation of material and temporal protection only, but saw in them that far-reaching and ever-blessed providence that combines and arranges the present and the future, time and eternity, life and death, this world and the next, all things, in one perfect and beneficent whole for them that love Him. *We were marched from the position we held in the general line. As we entered the town, we met Barksdale's brigade coming out by the stone fence road on which we were formed. They gave us the comforting assurance that we "would see sights at day-break." The preliminary shelling of our lines has been often described, but its sublimity is all but indescribable. A little frame building, about the centre of the line was our head-quarters. Details of his staff were on watch every moment. When he had served his own turn, in common with the others, he refused rest, satisfied that his position would be attacked during the night, or very early next day. About mid-

* Adjutant General Rutherford says.

night, our advanced pickets on the road leading into the town on our left captured a batch of prisoners. General Cobb's skillful examination brought out all they were most anxious to conceal. Orders were instantly given to the whole line to be ready for any emergency, and dispatches sent to Division Head-quarters. During the remainder of the night confused noises indicated the movement of troops. The morning dawned quietly. But the sun had scarcely risen when a tentative artillery fire opened. By 9 o'clock it became very annoying, and moving about disagreeable and dangerous. During the whole time, General Cobb was in the rear of the house above-mentioned.—It fronted on the road, its rear toward the enemy's line, and exposed to the full danger of the fire. This point began to attract the attention of the artillerists on Stafford hills. With his glass the General surveyed the whole of the enemy's front, and soon discovered the rapid movements of troops under cover of the city buildings, and the long black lines descending from the opposite heights. Owing, doubtless, to the peculiar formation of the ground, and the dense fog, all this had hitherto escaped the attention of every one else. Instantly his men were prepared for action, with careful and explicit orders that none should fire before his command. This precaution saved the day, preventing the enemy carrying this key position of the entire line. A very small thing often turns the fate of empires. The 18th Georgia, commanded by the gallant Colonel Ruff, was on our extreme right, next the 24th, reaching up to head-quarters. First on the left was Phillips' legion under Colonel Cook. Braver and better men never drew sword or fired a gun. Their lofty and fearless bearing was perfect through the whole dread onset. About 11 o'clock, a line of battle debouched from cover of the town into the open plain, a quarter of a mile in our immediate front, and in a moment deployed skirmishers, who advanced firing. Under excitement, our men began to return the fire. With that trumpet voice, heard over any field or line, the General ordered, "cease firing," and it was instantly obeyed. The skirmishers advanced to the brow of the elevation in our front, and throwing themselves on the ground, opened a continuous and rapid fire, evidently to draw ours, that the line of battle in their rear might carry our position with the greater ease. Immediately in our rear, and on the ascending heights was the immortal Washington Artillery pouring showers of grape and shell into the daring lines of the enemy. The first regular battle line immediately double-quicked across the open plain to the relief of their skirmishers, and sending volley after volley against our entire front. The history of the world's battles show no more splendid example of heroic attack than our foes then and there exhibited. They came up to their work, time after time, with a persistent and enthusiastic esprit absolutely admirable. As we gazed on their hopeless audacity we

could not help wondering, whence came these men, and why rushing into certain death? We did not then know that they were mostly Irishmen, faultless soldiers everywhere, nor did we then, or now, understand how any one of them could fight against a people contending only for self-government. By birth and blood and breeding, by history and by hope, the Irish are, or ought to be "rebels."

Gen Lee sent word the position must be held. Gen. C's. answer, "it will be to the last." On this charge of the enemy, he again arrested the fire of his men until they were in easy range. The broad front came up, as if on parade in one dense and hurrying mass. They were awaited in hushed and breathless expectancy; when from the foot of Marye's Hill a solitary sound was heard, clear, sonorous, thrilling, reaching every ear and heart along the entire line—the sound of that awful monosyllable which none but those who have heard it in all that it means in utterance can understand, "fire!" and the dashing wave reeled and rolled back in confusion. Hardly had we time to receive the full force of the shock, when a new and stronger line came up as splendidly as if the first had met only victory. Again the General restrained his fire until the range was sure, when from the entire line there poured one hail of death, and the brave men, worthy a better cause, went down like ten pins. Again and again they came forward as well. Walton's artillery from above, and the infantry from below gave each devoted column the same dread reception. The same eye-witness and actor says, beyond this we will not attempt accurate description. The smoke of battle became so thick, the roar of musketry and artillery so terrific that few orders could be heard at a distance and only little of the enemy seen, it was only receive and return, fire and fight. Whenever the breeze lifted the smoke, in the momentary pause of firing, new masses of blue were seen pouring into the field, and the firing was renewed with redoubled vigor. About this time considerable uneasiness was felt on the left of our line. Minnie balls whistled up the road giving unmistakable evidence of the enemy on that flank. The hissing of the first passing ball fell on the quick ear of the General. He was everywhere, saw, knew everything, with what appeared to us rashness, but which was only a calm and holy purpose, he bore himself. It was that presence, watchfulness and labor that secured the result. By his powerful presence, counsel, and order he was felt at every point of the line. He was expected—he had promised for himself and men, that the position should be held, and no remonstrances of officers and men as to his constant exposure, kept him from the calm and steady observation amid the whirlwind of destructive missiles.

He immediately ordered his Adjutant to the left to move up troops if any could be found, and if not, to concentrate the fire of the artillery on the point. His look will never be forgotten. For a moment it seemed the position would be carried. Calm, pale,

and self-possessed, he quickly gave the order, which neither he nor its bearer believed could be carried through the storm of battle. But the batteries were reached, the order delivered, and in a little while the enemy driven from behind the houses, where, in the smoke and darkness and din, they had found a lodgment. The heroic daring of Adjutant Rutherford in carrying this order can be understood only by those who are acquainted with the circumstances. It excites little surprise among those who know him and his race.

The enemy's firing was now less and less rapid, and as the smoke lifted he could be seen falling back. Still it was not a complete defeat, only a falling back to gain position of some little shelter. The infantry fire now almost ceased, and the enemy opened again with his entire line of batteries, tier on tier from Stafford hills and nearer. Just here was the shortest distance between the contending armies. The fire was concentrating against the stone fence, and especially its centre. If it were ever proper to speak of "a hell of shot, shell, and grape" that was the time.—It were vain to attempt saying how many guns were concentrated on the position. During all this General C., with words of comfort and courage, walked up and down among his reclining men, who, in vain, urged him to some personal care for himself: many saying, "we do not need this to encourage us"—but he felt it a duty, and he did it. A shell burst at the foot of the old tree as he was passing. The heroic Cooke, of North Carolina, was badly wounded, and a captain of the 24th Georgia killed. A fragment of the same shell struck General C. on the thigh, mashing muscle and bone, and femoral artery. He was as calm as during the whole engagement, even more so, and gave direction for tying the handkerchief, as if binding up his little finger. To let him remain was certain death, either from want of a surgeon, or from shot of the enemy. To carry him out over the hill was equally dangerous. The only alternative was the hazardous undertaking of down the line, taking what protection the stone fence afforded in its short line. After passing it, the exposure to sharp-shooters and artillery was complete. The stretcher was repeatedly struck, and several of its bearers shot down. By extraordinary persistence he was brought out of the horrible place. But alas! for little purpose. He speedily sank, with no time for last words and farewells. Earnest love and highest skill availed not to keep him. Eldridge did all that highest surgical genius and skill could, and after him nothing was left to do. And so he died in our arms. So suddenly, and so unexpectedly. We never dreamed of it even after his wound. Dead, dead, dead! We brought him back to the bright land and sunny skies he loved so well, and to the people who loved him above all others. As we made our mournful way, the heart of the people was moved. No unmeaning display or empty pageant

adorned the homeward march of the now forever discharged hero. Incidents of affecting love and sorrow met us everywhere. That good man of Charlotte, without our knowledge, paid the bills of our accidental detention there.—Here and there along the route, little girls and tender maidens brought their tribute of flowers. The heart of his mother State was too deeply moved for display.—In solemn and tearful awe, she followed the bier of her favorite son. He fell in sight of his own mother's birth-place, on the soil of his ancestry; and thence we took him to the home of his boyhood, to the scenes of his lifelong success, to the town of his love, and the hands of his earliest companions. We gave back the splendid remains of this strong, humble, earnest, faithful son, father and husband to the aged arms of her who bore him, to the broken hearts of wife and little ones, dearer to him than all of earth, and to the church and people whom he loved so dearly. They and we laid him away amid the tears of young and old, rich and poor. The widow and orphan, the white and the black cast their little flower on the grave of this great man, great in his goodness; and each and all of the mingled multitude gathered there, felt they had lost a friend, and our bleeding country one of her noblest and strongest sons, and that too in the hour of a great extremity. Let his life be a mighty utterance to encouragement, especially to young men in these days of toil and darkness, telling them what industry, zeal and faith well kept towards God and man will do.

We close this imperfect sketch with the simple and noble letter of General Lee:

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG,
DECEMBER 18, 1862.

GENERAL HOWELL COBB:

GENERAL:—I beg leave to express my deep sympathy in your great sorrow. Your noble and gallant brother has met a soldier's death, and God grant that this army and our country may never be called upon again to mourn so great a sacrifice.

Of his merits, his lofty intellect, his accomplishments, his professional fame, and above all his christian character, I need not speak to you who knew him so intimately and well. But as a patriot and soldier, his death has left a deep gap in the army which his military aptitude and skill render it hard to fill. In the battle of Fredericksburg he won an immortal name for himself and his brigade. Hour after hour, he held his position in front of our batteries, while division after division of the enemy was hurled against him. He announced the determination of himself and his men never to leave their post until the enemy was beaten, and with unshaken courage and fortitude he kept his promise.

May God give consolation to his afflicted family, and may the name and fame of the christian statesman and soldier be cherished as a bright example and holy remembrance.

With great esteem,
Your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE.

THE FLIGHT OF ARETHUSA.

'Tis an antique, mythic story
Of those primal days, when men
Peopled with ideal beauty
Every mountain, stream and glen:
When the world was in its childhood,
And its credulous delight
Saw the creatures of its fancy,
Present to its mortal sight:—
Ere it grasped the grand conception, that the universal whole,
Moving Nature's myriad pulses, was her Maker's living soul.

Near a bright, Arcadian river,
Fringed and shadowed to the brink,
By the snowy-blossom'd alders,
Stooped a maiden down to drink.
On the hills her flying footsteps
Had been fleet as antelope's,
While her train, the virgin huntress
Led along the Elëan slopes:
And exhausted with pursuing, she had turned aside to lave
Burning cheek and flushing forehead, in the cool, translucent wave.

From her panting waist, she lightly
Let the loosened girdle float,
And withdrew the golden arrow
That about her ivory throat
Held the broider'd peplon gathered,—
Till the vestment slid and fell
From her bosom's orbed whiteness—
From her shoulder's sloping swell;—
And she blushed to catch the vision which the mirror'd water threw,—
Ravished with its rapturous beauty,—back upon her startled view.

Hidden half midst velvet mosses,
One supporting hand gleamed fair,
Whilst the other freed the braidings
Of the hyacinthine hair:
And as from beneath the fillet,
Floated each voluptuous tress,
Leaping high, the wooing water
Caught it in a glad caress:
When she bent above its surface, lithely as the lily dips,
Every ripple rushed to lavish kisses on her dewy lips.

Arms invisibly entwining,
Round her swan-like neck were thrown—
Round her neck whose veinéd opal
Seemed to mock the Thasian stone.
But the lovely maiden, quivering
Like a timid mountain roe,
When it sees the feather'd arrow
From Diana's silver bow—
Snatching up her dripping ringlets, from the unseen fingers' play,—
Sprang with strange, mysterious terror, and with wingéd haste away.

Breathlessly along the valley,—
Through the tangled myrtle glade,—
Underneath the clustering citrons,
And the lime-tree's spicy shade,
Fled she,—and her footsteps quickened,—
Skimming like the morning wind,
As she saw her fond pursuer
Roll his gathering tide behind.
Then she prayed for aid celestial, and beneath her sandal'd feet,
Gushed a fountain; and her being passed into its waters sweet.

But she could not thus elude him;
And within one pearly chain,
Sought he now to bind their currents,
That they should not part again.
When through subterranean sources,
Oft the Naiad's steps would glide,—
He, by love's divining essence,
Evermore was near her side:
Till, through long pursuit, triumphant, under far Sicilia's sun,
Alpheus and Arethusa met and mingled into one.

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

JOHN MILTON.*

ANOTHER flagrant grievance of the king's government had been the illegal denial of *habeas corpus*, and punishment of persons obnoxious to the government, by tribunals not established by law. The Independents, upon establishing their Commonwealth, hastened to signalize their consistency, by trying and condemning to death the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Cappel, and two other noblemen, before a special commission, and without a jury. These ju-

* Continued from page 108.

dicial murders were followed up by the arrest and imprisonment of a number of gentlemen and clergymen, upon political charges, many of whom lay for years in prison without indictment or hearing, and one of whom, Sir John Howell, was only released twelve years after, by the Restoration!*

It was charged justly upon Charles I. that for twelve years, he had governed without Parliaments; thus trampling upon the representative department of the government. The Rump had been acting more than eight years already, without recurring to their constituents for their sanction. When the Long Parliament first met, the House of Commons contained five hundred and six members. When the Commonwealth was declared, it did not contain a hundred: for the largest count reported in their journals, upon divisions of the House, was seventy-seven.†—Having condemned the king for ruling without Parliaments, they were thus attempting to exercise the powers of the national legislature, with six-sevenths of the counties and boroughs unrepresented. They were, however, soon expelled in turn, by their chief accomplice; and he thenceforward governed without a legislature. For, the three Parliaments he assembled were all dispersed by him, before they enacted anything. That summoned in 1654, had most pretension to be called a fair representation of the popular will. But even in its election all were excluded who had not an estate of £200.st. and all Romanists, and all who had supported the king.* Still, this body, though representing half the nation only, was so far from giving its approval to Cromwell's usurpation, that it refused to proceed to its business until it had inquired into the legal foundations of his power. For this, he dispersed them: upon "the tyrant's plea, necessity," saying that the interests of public order in the country would not permit the questioning of his power. If, by public order, could be properly meant, his own quiet possession of an illegal authority, held at once against the established constitution of the country, and against the will of three-fourths of his fellow-citizens; and if his forcible expulsion from this authority, so violently seized, could be properly called anarchy, he was doubtless correct.

Another complaint urged against Charles I. was, that he had quartered soldiers illegally upon the people, and had employed the military, in some cases, to control civilians. Cromwell placed all Scotland, Ireland, and England itself under martial law, for the last six years of his reign, dividing the latter kingdom into military districts, with a major-general over each. The world has rung with the illegal exactions of money made by Charles upon his subjects, through his ship money, tonnage and poundage, and monopolies. Cromwell, by his simple edict, without a shadow of

* M. Guizot. Vol. i. p. 27.
† M. Guizot. Vol. i. p. 2.

* M. Guizot. Vol. ii. p. 85.

law, levied a tax, to be collected at the point of the bayonet, of one-tenth, *per annum*, of the income of all the royalists who had a hundred pounds a year. But this iniquitous exaction was but as a scourge of whips, when compared with the scorpion lash of the compositions in money exacted for pretended political offences, and the sweeping confiscations of royalists' estates. The Long Parliament, when under the lead of the Presbyterian party, had set the evil example of these fines and compositions. The saintly Independents were apt scholars, and carried the art to the greatest height. Many of the noblest royalist houses were utterly impoverished for the time. The pages of Thurloe, Cromwell's minister, show that scarcely a letter passed between him and the major-generals commanding the districts, which did not detail some job of royalist plunder, the attempt to arrest the person of some 'malignant' in order to compel him, by illegal imprisonment, to disclose his revenues, or the punishment of some unfortunate, for attempting to reserve a pittance for the maintenance for a helpless family from the all-devouring man of confiscation.*— A very little knowledge of human nature suffices to convince us, that the majority of Cromwell's military and civic instruments would not fail to imitate the crimes of their government.— When plunder was thus made respectable by the supreme power, personal avarice was not slow to seize the license of wholesale theft. Thus the peculations of the persons connected with the government were infinite in number and infamy, and enormous in amount. There is but too much evidence, that the picture given by Sir W. Scott, in the Introduction to Woodstock, of the thefts, oppressions and lies of the *Rota*, is far more of history than romance. Doubtless, the Lord Protector's treasury suffered as much by the light fingers of his friends, as did the pockets of Cavaliers. One notable instance, illustrating the morals of the party, is presented by the fate of the coin and bullion captured by the fleet of Drake, off Cadiz, in the famous Galleons from the West Indies. Thurloe states, that while the rumors as to the amount actually captured, varied exceedingly, it could not have been less than about a million sterling. Of this, only about two hundred and fifty, or three hundred thousand, sterling, ever reached the treasury,* the remainder was stolen by the saints.

The mention of Spain suggests the only remaining fact needed to substantiate our charge: Cromwell's attack upon this power showed that his foreign administration was as unprincipled as his domestic. Having equipped a great fleet under Admiral Penn, and General Venables, he sent it clandestinely to attack the Spanish West Indies, without declaration of war, or demand of redress for supposed grievances, or intimation of his purpose; while the Spanish Court was in peaceful re-

* M. Guizot. Vol. ii. p. 145.

* Thurloe. Correspondence, Nov. 4. 1656.

lations with his government, and the Spanish ambassador quietly residing in London. No purer act of piracy was ever committed by a Bucaneer in the Spanish Main.

It thus appears that the "Extreme Left" of the English Revolution, like that of France, hastened to practise every oppression for which they had assailed the constituted authorities: and that, in more aggravated forms. Their guilt was greatly darker than that of the deposed rulers: because it was more inconsistent. They professed to attack abuses, in the interest of popular right. When they, in turn, violated popular rights, by forcing the government of a factious minority over an unwilling majority, they are condemned out of their own mouths. The established rules had at least possessed the established forms of precedent: the ultraists trampled on those prescriptive forms, and on popular right at once. The *rationalé* of this crime is not difficult to read. The true conception of liberty, upon which all equitable and beneficent government rests, is, that liberty, for the several orders in the state, means *the privilege of each one's doing what he has a moral right to do.*— Its principle is in that noble apophthegm of the Scotch divine, *Rex Lex.* But the liberty intended by the Independents in Church and State, is far different: it is *privilege to do what he pleases.* In the noble words of Milton's sonnet:

"License they mean, when they cry liberty:
For who loves that, must first be wise and good."

With the ultraists constitutional right is simply the will of the faction he prefers, when clothed with physical power. Now, this theory of freedom is simply a theory of self-will: and self-will is selfishness; and selfishness is unrighteousness. It may be easily seen from this point of view, that the natural affinities of this school of partizans are with despotism.— Here we have one solution of the historical fact, that their domination always ends in a Cromwell or Napoleon. Another may be found in their radical incompetency for the duties of impartial government, and the obvious tendency of their system of power to anarchy. Not only are their foundation dogmas disorganizing; their method of rule is intrinsically a warfare. They establish the mere will of the dominant faction as supreme law: the consequence is that their government, instead of making itself felt, in the general, as an equitable and impartial protection to the recognized rights of the several orders in the State, is known and felt perpetually as a hostile assault of a part of the citizens, (usually a minor part) on the privileges of another part.— Thus, the very functions of government become a series of aggressions and resistances, a virtual civil war. The passions of moral indignation at conscious wrong, fear, resentment, revenge are perpetually awakened by the acts of the ruling faction, in one and another segment of the community, until the whole becomes a thundercloud, overcharged with electricity, and breaks out again, despite the sternest repression,

into tumult and tempest. Thus, the government of the extreme left, after usurping the revolutionary forces, shows itself powerful and energetic to depress its domestic rivals, to pull down and destroy, to harass its enemies with excess of miseries, and to aggravate confusions: It is impotent to restore any form of order. It is destined, in its turn, to give place to some other form of power, strong enough to crush down and punish its excesses, and which probably finishes, by establishing some stable order more onerous and less beneficent than the old. That true liberty may be enjoyed, it is as essential that this popular self-will be curbed, as that the individual despot be excluded.—Some practical distribution of political privileges must have been agreed upon, which, although not believed to be perfect, (what is perfect among sinning men?) shall have commended itself to the approbation of the great bulk of the several classes, as, on the whole, fair, and possible, and beneficent. This distribution must have been embodied, in some form, in the sacred enactments of a recognized constitution. And this constitution must be upheld by the virtue and good sense of the people, as supreme ruler and king, [under God] before whose venerated voice, the personal will of legislators and rulers, and the desires of both majorities and minorities, shall alike bow. Then, the exercise of goverment is felt by the general heart to be, in the main, protective, and not aggressive; it gathers around it the strong ramparts of popular approbation and affection; it is received as the expression of the recognized ethical right, and not as the expression of the caprice or lust of a rival and hostile faction.

(CONCLUDED.)

EXTRACT FROM BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT.

It is also ordered, That when any servants shall runn from theire masters, or any other inhabitants shall privately goe away with suspicions of ill intentions, it shall bee lawfull for the next magistrate, or the constable and two of the cheifest inhabitants, where no magistrate is, to press men and boates or pinnaces, at the publique charge, to pursue such persons by sea or land, and bring them back, by force of armes.

And whereas many stubborne, refractory and discontented servants and apprentices, withdraw themselves from theire masters services, to improve theire time to theire owne advantage, for the preventing whereof,

It is ordered, That whatsoever servant or apprentice shall hereafter offend in that kinde, before theire covenants or terme of service are expired, shall serve theire said masters, as they shall be apprehended or retained, the treble term, or three fold time of theire absence in such kinde.—*Page* 66, *Hartford Edition.*

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(SCENE—*The Corridor of a Palace.* PERSONS—*A young Knight and his Mentor.* TIME—*the 14th Century.*)

MENTOR.

"With what a grace she passed us by just now!,
Her delicate chin half raised, her cordial brow
A cloudless Heaven of bland benignities!;
What tempered lustre too in her dove's eyes,
Just touched to archness by the eyebrow's curve,
And those quick dimples which the mouth's reserve
Stir and break up, as sunlit ripples break
The cool clear calmness of a mountain lake!:
A woman in whom majesty and sweetness
Blend to such issues of serene completeness,
That to gaze on her were a prince's boon!;
The calm of evening, the large pomp of noon,
Are her's; soft May morns melting into June,
Hold not such tender languishments as those
Which steep her in that dew-light of repose,
That floats a dreamy balm around the full-blown rose:—
And yet, 'tis not her beauty tho' so bright,
(Clear moon-fire mixed with sun-flame,) nor the light,
Transparent charm we feel so exquisite,
Whereby she's compassed as a wizard star
By its own life-air! 'tis not one, nor all
Of these, whereby we're mastered, Sir, and fall
Slave-like before her: doubtless such things *are*
Potent as spells—still there's a something fine,
Subtler than hoar-rime in the faint moonshine,
More potent yet!,—an undefinéd art,
'Twere vain to question: your whole being, heart,
Brain—blood—seem lapsing from you, fired and fused
In her's—a terrible power, and if abused———
But by St. Peter! 'tis not safe to talk
Of yon weird woman! turn now! watch her walk
'Twixt the tall tiger lilies—there's a free,
Brave grace in every step,—but still to me,
It hath—I know not what—of covertness,
Cunning, and cruel purpose!; can you guess

The picture it brings up?—a lonely rock
From which a young Bedouin guards his flock,
In the swart desert:—there's a tawny band,
A curved and tangled pathway of loose sand,
Winding above him—; the tranced airs make dim
His slumberous senses!,—his great brown eyes swim
In th' mist of dreams, when gliding with mute tread
Forth from the thorn trees, o'er his nodding head,
Moves a lithe-bodied panther;—(Lo! how fair
The beast is, with her moony-spotted hair,
And her deft desert paces!);—one breath more!
And you'll behold the spouting of fresh gore,
Heart-blood that's human!;—can aught save him now?—
Hist! the sharp crackle of a blasted bough,
Whence flies a huge hill-eagle, rustling
O'er the boy's forehead his vast breadths of wing,
And sweeping as a half-seen shade, 'twould seem,
Betwixt his startled spirit, and its dream;
He's roused! espies his danger!, at a bound
Leaps into safety where the low-set ground
Is buttressed 'neath two giant crags thereby:—
(Now hark ye! 'tis no pictured phantasy,
This scene, my Anslem!, but all's true and clear
Before me, tho' full many a weary year
Has waxed and waned since then:—
My meaning pryth'ee? foolish youth, beware!,
There's Treachery lurking in the gay parterre,
As in the hoary desert's silentness—,
And dreams with danger, death perchance behind,
May lull young sleepers in the perfumed wind,
Which hardly lifts the tiniest truant tress
It toys with coyly, of a woman's hair:—
Our sternest fates have risen in forms as fair,
As—let us say for lack of similes,
As—her's, who bends now with such gracious ease,
O'er her rich tulip beds!—
Were I the bird,
Wert THOU the shepherd ANSLEM, of my tale,
(And that thou hast not hearkened, boy, unstirred,
Is clear, albeit thou need'st not wax so pale),—
What would true wisdom whisper—now 'tis done,
My warning, and thy day-dream in the sun—?
What! why her mandate's plain:,—I hear her say,
'Young Knight! to horse!, leave the Queen's Court to-day!!' "

EVENINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

To an American accustomed to read at home the debates in Parliament, as reported in the columns of the *Times*, nothing seems likely to afford him a higher gratification than an evening now and then in the House of Commons, and it occurs to him that, should he ever find himself a sojourner in London during the session, he will frequently stroll down to Westminster, and make himself familiar with the great orators of England from a comfortable seat in the gallery. The traditional glories of St. Stephen's and the recorded eloquence of a long succession of British statesmen have invested the House of Commons with an interest not inferior to that which attaches to the adjoining Abbey. The speeches that have been delivered here constitute a very large part of England's greatness in the past and of that heritage of freedom which belongs to her in the present, and although the ancient rafters that rang with the lofty tones of Fox and Pitt have been replaced by a more richly decorated roof, the *genius loci* has never yet been disturbed, and one enters the gorgeous new Palace of Westminster through that noble hall of William Rufus which Macaulay has hung with the resplendent tapestry of his rhetoric. Certainly, both for its associations and for what is nightly transacted during many months of the year within that stately pile, the Houses of Parliament may well attract the intelligent foreigner, but there are difficulties in the way of admission that render anything like regular attendance upon the debates altogether impracticable. In theory, the legislation of Great Britain is carried on with open doors, and every subject of the realm may witness it: in point of fact, few deliberative assemblies are so shut out from the general public, and that much-courted person, the British laborer, might almost as well hope to have the range of the Carlton Club House as to get a place in the gallery on a night when any matter of importance is to be discussed.

All along the corridors and passages leading to the outer octagonal vestibule or lobby of the House of Commons are stationed policemen whose business would seem to be to bully the inexperienced chance visitor. From the moment that he passes the great gothic irised window that looks down upon Westminster Hall, he is evidently regarded as a trespasser, who may be called upon to show cause why he shall not be requested to leave the building.—From the policeman point of view each and every individual is a possible pickpocket, and likely, at any moment, to be "given in charge." Let him be as morally and conventionally irreproachable as he may, he shall not escape coming under the policeman's displeasure and rebuke by ignorantly crossing some line of the beautiful pavement, imaginary as equator or ecliptic, where "a space must

be kept hopen for members."—Arrived at the lobby, he must produce or obtain some authority for entering the chamber, or stand aside. The lobby is lofty and spacious; great candelabra or gasseliers shed a blaze of light around; the ceiling is elaborately pannelled in oak; the floor is of porcelain and bears such inscriptions as "Fear God, Honor the Queen," "In the Multitude of Counsellors is Safety, "Where no Counsel is, the People Fall," &c., precepts too precious to be trodden under foot of men, we might suppose; and there are a few benches, where one may linger, if it please him, to see the members pass in and out, but let him not stand idly here, for he will be so moved about hither and yon, backwards and forwards, by the officials, in order that the proper space may be "kept hopen" as we have seen, that he will be in danger of becoming utterly demoralized. In an angle of the lobby, there is a long table or counter for refreshments, where the thirsty or heated M. P. may get his brandy and selzer, or an ice upon occasion, but let the stranger not ask ever so meekly for even so mild a beverage as ginger pop, unless the coast is quite clear, or he will regret his temerity in the neglect or the incivility of the bar-keeper. The "insolence of office" seems to descend from the speaker's secretary to the man who sweeps out the apartments and who ordinarily is eager to make a shilling by showing the Hall. If the visitor cannot get into the House he will consult his self-respect by going out of the lobby. Far better lounge in the corridor among the statues of Clarendon and Hampden and Falkland, or inspect (under the flattering surveillance of A 356) the frescoes on the walls, see Argyll wrapt in the sweet oblivion of his last sleep on earth, and Montrose maintaining a serene fortitude upon the scaffold.

There are two modes of obtaining admission to the House of Commons. One is by written order of a member for a particular evening stated therein, which admits to the Stranger's Gallery.—The other is by special courtesy of a member, personally introducing his friend, through the civility of the Speaker, to the Speaker's Gallery. Each member may give orders to two persons for the same evening, but as the accommodations of the Stranger's Gallery fall very far short of one-fourth the actual roll of the House itself, it is clear that the order does not ensure its holder a place. To get the order, indeed, upon occasions of great interest is not "as easy as lying." The member is pretty sure to have influential constituents visiting London, who are properly entitled to preference in his Parliamentary attentions. And as the order, whenever obtained, imposes upon the recipient a certain sense of personal obligation, it is something he does not like to ask for too often. As for the Speaker's Gallery, it is taking a great liberty indeed with a member to summon him from his seat in the House into the lobby to get you admitted there, even when nothing very interesting is going on, and when there is to be a de-

bate of great moment the entire space is filled by the Peers, for whose convenience the Gallery was expressly designed, and the stranger, if regularly introduced, has an uneasy consciousness of intrusion. So that, briefly stated, the case stands thus—there is room enough and the stranger may get a place when he does not care for admission, that is to say when the dull routine of ordinary business is all that may be seen and heard, but it is next to impossible to get a place when he most desires it, on those evenings when the greatest minds of the Kingdom are to come into collision, and words are to be spoken which will pass into the political and intellectual history of the times.

All this is so different from the free and easy way in which the free and enlightened citizen of the United States "sloshes around" in the Capitol from Senate Chamber to House of Representatives to see with how little wisdom his country is governed, as naturally to excite in such a free and enlightened citizen something of annoyance. He recollects how readily the English gentleman in Washington finds his way to the very floor of either branch of the National Legislature, and he feels that it is an ungracious return for such hospitalities that he is excluded from the gallery of the House of Commons. Yet it requires little reflection to perceive how absurd it would be to allow unrestricted admission to the privileged seats of the British Parliament, meeting, as this does, in the most populous city of the modern world; and, on the whole, one is bound to acknowledge that they manage this matter much better in Westminster than in Washington, although it would seem a wiser plan in both places to demand tickets and make the distribution of these tickets part of the daily duty of an assistant Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Stranger's Gallery when, after much struggling, one gets there, is not likely to meet his views of comfort or convenience. There are seats in the gallery for, perhaps, eighty persons. It is immediately above the main entrance to the chamber, which is in shape a parallelogram, while directly opposite at the further end is a small gallery for the reporters, yet beyond, which has places for the ladies who sit behind a gilded wire screen effectually concealing them from public observation. *Place aux dames* is not a parliamentary rule of conduct, it would seem. Whether it is thought that the presence of ladies would prove a distraction to members, and thus impede the legislation of the kingdom, or that properly they have no business with political affairs, they are certainly kept carefully out of sight, and the oratory of the House of Commons owes nothing at all to the inspiration of their smiles.—Reaching along the sides of the chamber from the Stranger's Gallery to the Reporter's Gallery are narrow galleries for members exclusively, though it somewhat passes comprehension why members should desire, during the session of the House, to have a bird's eye view of its deliberations.

Here, however, half a dozen or more may generally be seen, with their hats pulled over their brows, lolling at their ease, reading a newspaper or a novel, and seemingly little concerned about the question under discussion.

The occupants of the Stranger's Gallery, however, must not wear their hats, nor loll nor read newspapers, and if detected in any one of these offences will be summarily rebuked by the official in charge, and put upon their good behavior. You have gone down to the House, perhaps, at a very early hour, and a weary interval of unimportant and uninteresting every-day business must elapse between the moment of your arrival and the commencement of the evening's debate.—This interval, it occurs to you, may be pleasantly employed with the perusal of the Pall Mall Gazette, and you innocently take a copy from your pocket, and begin reading, only to be cut short, *in medias res*, by the awful official, who tells you such a thing is strictly prohibited. Then possibly, after a time, you are aweary, and wish yourself at the opera or the play, and you seek an easier posture for a furtive slumber, or with certain American predispositions to stretch yourself, you unwarily throw your leg over the bench in front of you or put your foot on the back of the same. But this is "putting your foot into it" indeed:—it is *lese majesté*, at the least. You must not sleep, you must not elevate the leg, you must sit bolt upright, and content yourself with what you can see of the popular branch of the British legislature.

This is not altogether satisfactory. There is no part of the Stranger's Gallery from which more than two-thirds of the floor can be seen, and as there are no diagrams to be had, designating the seats of members, the stranger is thrown altogether upon such chance information of the *personnel* of the House as he can obtain from those immediately around him. Members do not occupy arm chairs and desks as in Washington, and the seats are arranged as benches running around the room in the form of an ellipse, leaving the central space vacant. Below the reporters and facing the entrance sits the speaker, having before him the clerks and secretaries at their desks, on his right hand the ministerial members and on his left the leaders of the opposition. The House is thus divided by the neutral ground (debatable ground, it may be certainly called, since it is so much occupied in the debate) of the centre, the *ins* on the one side and the *outs* on the other. When there is a full House, it looks as if there were hardly benches enough for the members. When the House is thin, the prevailing bright red of the morocco curtains gives a somewhat gay appearance to the lower part of the chamber, and makes a compensation to the eye for the listlessness of the proceedings.

While the members of the two great parties sit uniformly vis-a-vis in this manner, the supporters of the government never sitting on the left of the speaker, nor the adherents of the opposition on his right, it is exceptional that a

member invariably occupies a particular seat. With regard to the cabinet ministers and the leaders of the opposition only can one look for them with certainty in the same place, although by a sort of informal courtesy the privilege of retaining the same position, for convenience of discussion, is extended to the most prominent debaters of the Commons. Members and visitors thus know from what quarter to expect a reply to any damaging assault that may be made upon a party or an individual.

The ordinary routine of business in the House of Commons is commenced about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the mace is laid upon the table and the speaker takes the chair. A considerable time is spent in the reading of private bills and the presentation of petitions, while the members, singly or by twos and threes, are dropping into the House, each gentleman, as he takes his seat, putting his hat on his head (the hat, in the majority of instances, has been held in the hand until the member reaches his seat) and crossing his legs. The preliminary work of private bills and petitions sometimes extends into the hour of dinner, this being at any point between half past six, and eight, when the British legislator whisks away in a Hanson cab to his club, leaving the country and its varied interests to a bare quorum while he fortifies himself with a bottle of sherry and a joint for the night's discussion. Then follows a rattling and discursive fire of questions at ministers, which is more or less entertaining according to the nature of the information sought by the interrogator, the secretaries being compelled to undergo respectively a cross-examination upon matters pertaining to that branch of the public service under their supervision and control. One member would be glad to learn of the Chief Secretary for Ireland whether the painful rumors were true that the Treasurer of the Ballyshannon Lunatic Asylum had run off with the funds of the institution and a female incurable; another seeks to know of the Secretary for the Colonies if the statement in a morning paper be trustworthy that forty-seven negroes have been roasted and eaten with Worcester sauce by the white inhabitants of the island of Jamaica; a third asks the Secretary of War for the exact facts with regard to an alleged deficit in the balance sheet of the Royal Gun Factory at Longrange, and whether there is reason for believing that the missing funds have gone into the Fenian exchequer, and so on, through a long series of inquiries, whether made in entire good faith or for the purpose of bothering Her Majesty's ministers, does not always clearly appear. This ordeal at an end, it is just as likely as not that a country member will move the second reading of some Custom's or Railway Bill or Annuities' Bill, and that thereupon will ensue an interminable and drowsy debate, wearisome to the stranger to that degree that, not being permitted to doze through it or yet to beguile the tedium with contraband Pall Mall Gazetteers, he feels inclined to

fight his way, if need be, out of the new Palace of Westminster and never enter its portals again. The reporters across the house, whose business it is to take down every idle word of this debate, are mercifully relieved every fifteen minutes, else they might become proper subjects for the intervention of the Royal Humane Society, or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The M. P., bored to the very article of exhaustion, may avert softening of the brain by lounging into the lobby and taking refreshment at the counter of which mention has already been made. As for the Speaker, who must endure it all, there is no constitutional prohibition in the matter of slumber in his case, and like Homer, he sometimes nods. It was on an occasion of this sort that Praed indited his graceful little lullaby, one stanza of which runs after this fashion—

Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in the mill,
You have more need of repose than they—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

Yes, there are forty winks for the Speaker and there is escape for the member, and respite for the reporter; the stranger alone must suffer and be strong, if, indeed, he would remain until the battle of the giants, and join in the plaudits for the victor.

During such a drowsy debate, however, what a change comes all at once over the house, if by some lucky chance one of the giants is brought to take part in it! How the absentees rush in from the lobby, how the victims in the Stranger's Gallery revive and bend forward to hear what the giant is saying, how a multitudinous "hear! hear! hear!" runs around the chamber, how the reporters *erectis-auribus* brighten up and nib their pens, how the ladies, (bless the invisible dears, nobody has been thinking of them all this time) fluttering against the gilded wires of their cages like so many captive-birds, strain their white necks, and incline their pretty ears to catch (and, let us hope, comprehend) something of what is going on below them!

When the debate commences on the question of highest importance it continues until two or three o'clock in the morning, and is generally adjourned from night to night, during several weeks.—But from time to time collateral issues, arising out of motions to amend, &c., &c., are presented, upon which the House divides, and something like a test vote as to the strength of the Ministry is obtained. Upon the happening of such divisions, which are sometimes suddenly sprung upon the house, the "whippers-in" of the two great parties are aroused to great activity in getting every possible voter of their side into the House before "going into the lobby." Each party has its regularly appointed and acknowledged "whipper-in," whose special duty it is see that the full strength of the Ministry or the Opposition, as the case may be, is made available. Nor is this duty, in times of high party excitement,

nay even in pressing emergencies, so difficult or embarrassing as might be supposed. Throughout the session of Parliament, printed slips of what is going on in both Houses are sent every ten minutes to the Clubs, the Theatres, the Opera, and even, by previous arrangement, to private mansions in the West-end, where dinners or balls of ceremony are going on, and truant M. Ps'. are thus informed that the country calls them to the division, from the next redowa with Lady Maud, from the garden scene where Adelina Patti is warbling the pretty love song which M. Gounod puts into the mouth of Marguerite, from the rubber at the Arlington where, Sir Harry sits with all the honors just dealt out to him: love, art, play, all yield to party.—"Going into the lobby" is the equivalent phrase for giving a vote, since the yeas and nays are not called *viva voce* but are counted by tellers, between whom, in the private lobby of the House, the supporters and opponents of the measure pending, pass in two separate files. This manner of taking the vote necessitates a recess and the clearing of the Speaker's Gallery, but consumes less time, absolutely, than the call of the roll, and as it brings members in personal contact, (members, be it understood, not carrying Colt's revolvers in their pockets) it is calculated to mitigate the exacerbations of partizan warfare.

And here it may be said that the amenities of debate are rarely lost sight of in the British Parliament. Sharp comment, irony, invective are often employed, but such language as disgraces every weekly report of the Debates in Congress, never. Even the imputation of bad motives to an adversary is regarded as without the pale of propriety. In all words addressed to an adversary, the individual, M. P. in general, observes his own self-respect and the respect due to the dignity of membership. But gregariously the House of Commons can become, and often does become, as noisy as a cock-pit or a penny-gaff. There are limits to all human endurance, and the country member, whose habit it is "to tease, with obvious comment, and torture by inevitable inference" occasionally finds that he must "dry up." Nay, there are moments when, if the first orator in the kingdom should come forward, they would not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The first orator in the kingdom knows this perfectly well, and never attempts at such moments to make himself heard. During the debate on the Reform Bill of 1866, I was present one evening when the House had quite made up its mind to divide on an amendment connected with £7 rental, and witnessed the confusion of three or four members who, in succession, vainly endeavored to present their views. The House brayed like donkeys, barked like dogs, crowed like cocks, gabbled like geese—this gabbling like geese is their favorite and most successful performance, and each member possibly considers himself for the moment, *capitolinus anser*—the House

roared like lions, howled like hyenas, until St. Stephen's resounded as resounds the Zoological Gardens at the hour for the feeding of the animals, at last the Solicitor-General rose, and spake in dumb show, for some minutes, as if determined to be heard, but finally went down before the clamor. Such procedure was scarcely parliamentary or constitutional, it was certainly not courteous, but it was effectual.—The House went at once to a division. I found that the Solicitor-General did not have the sympathy of the gallery. "Why did'nt the beggar hold his tongue"? said the gentleman on my right.

Such procedure, I believe, is unknown in the House of Lords, which is a body of great decorum, as it should be, in presence of the Throne and the woolsack and the bishops in their lawn, but which is also a body of great dullness, except upon special occasions, as when Lord Derby is going to attack a Liberal ministry or defend his own. The attendance on the House of Lords is generally thin; there are seldom more than sixty peers present out of a roster of of nearly five hundred, (Lords temporal and spiritual) and the gallery for visitors, small as it is, rarely overflows. The habitual non-attendance of the large majority of the Peers has excited the attention of thinking men in the conservative ranks, who fear less the upper House, which Mr. Bright so dearly desires to abolish, should thereby lose its due weight in the legislation of the Kingdom, and expedients have been devised to secure the participation of a greater number in the public business, but their Lordships do not favor these expedients. The reluctance to attend arises out of the fact, that the moment a Peer takes his seat, he is put upon a committee and thus made to go to work, which does not please my Lord. If he has been elevated to the peerage for conspicuous service, he is, perhaps, old and gouty—podagra and the peerage are in inevitable association—and he may be excused for thinking his title a "ticket of leave."—If he is a peer by inheritance, he may consider, as possibly the Duke of Wellington who goes little to the House, that his ancestor did work enough for the family. Your young lord votes it all a bore. On the whole he prefers Paris. Perhaps a grateful country will recognize this preference in some instances, like that of the Duke of Hamilton, as a public benefit.

My attendance upon the debates in Parliament during these consecutive sessions, though not frequent, yet sufficed to make known to me, with few exceptions, the persons and style of speaking of the more prominent members of both bodies. Since the death of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone is probably the first man in the House of Commons, though his preëminent ability as a statesman might not be conceded by the admirers of Mr. Lowe on the one hand or of Mr. Bright on the other. By common consent he is the most accomplished orator in England, and an honest Tory would doubtless agree with you in thinking that the most remarkable in-

tellectual performance of the year was Mr. Gladstone's Annual Speech on the Budget when Chancellor of the Exchequer. A man of wonderful gifts and of extraordinary application, making his way to the proudest position by the force of his own genius and his own will, Mr. Gladstone yet seems throughout to have been one of those happy mortals—

> Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full
> Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.

Double-first at Christ Church and Fellow of All Souls', member for the University of Oxford, for more than a quarter of a century in the arena and coming off best in almost every encounter, the scholar, the statesman, the counsellor, the orator, Mr. Gladstone has appeared to achieve greatness less than than to have greatness thrust upon him as a favorite of fortune. He was, indeed, defeated for Oxford at last, but his *alma mater* feels none the less proud of him because loyalty to her ancient traditions seemed to demand his rejection, and he went under upon the Reform Bill with the fairest prospect of yet being Premier. As a leader in the House of Commons he was thought somewhat imperious, and, at times, even fretful, and to his want of the faculty of conciliation was attributed by many the conversion of an easy-working Liberal majority to the side of the Opposition. In debate, Mr. Gladstone is earnest and sympathetic, and one knows not whether to refer his power more to the force of his convictions and the cogency of his reasonings than to the charm of his manner and the music of his voice. His gesticulation did not impress me as graceful beyond that of others, his hands were too constantly employed in the pressure of the palms, as if he were doing up muslin, but as he leads the hearer along through his magnificent amplifications, one becomes so thoroughly under the spell of his oratory that criticism of minor points is forgotten, as when the strain has ceased it is difficult to say exactly wherein lay the fascination. His diction is rich, frequently redundant, and I thought might have been cunningly designed, now and then, to cover up rather than unfold his meaning, and he betrayed a certain fondness, as it seemed to me, for refining and making nice points, which would be less successful before the people than with a highly cultivated audience. In classical and other literary illustration he is equally ready and felicitous, though he trips once in a while in both, as when Mr. Lowe retorted upon him in his citation from Virgil *in re* the Trojan horse (which the *Saturday Review* cleverly said should be called the Trojan *hack*) by continuing the quotation, and when, during the same discussion, he altogether misplaced a stanza of Tennyson. But perhaps the greatest charm of Mr. Gladstone is his entire freedom from vulgar ostentation and from seeking after effects. In his most fervid and glowing passages he seems to be thinking not at all of personal display, and his finest ornaments are rather offered out of his opulence, it would appear, as a tribute to the taste and culture of his hear-

ers, than paraded for empty show.

Mr. Gladstone's great adversary, Mr. Disraeli, it was not my good fortune to hear upon any occasion of interest. He was always to be seen sitting directly in front of Mr. Gladstone, and listening with the most eager attention to that gentleman whenever he occupied the floor. His personal appearance has been so cleverly caricatured for many years in *Punch*, that no one at all familiar with the cartoons of that publication can be at a loss in recognizing him from the gallery. Seated next Mr. Disraeli, on his left hand, the stranger might generally, at the time now spoken of, see the Right Honorable Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and the two members were often engaged in earnest conversation, but the Truthful and Beautiful Baronet having been transferred to the House of Lords as Baron Lytton, the floor of the Commons has lost one of its greatest notabilities, whom all that visited the gallery wished to see if not to hear.

Among the members of the Opposition, when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer no one took a higher position in the debate on the Reform Bill, than Lord Stanley, now a member of Her Majesty's Government. The outward man might be taken as the type of the conventional, thoroughly respectable, well-balanced Englishman. The face is a little heavy, with large hanging cheeks, and an expression of great gravity, which is in lively contrast with the look of his father, the Earl of Derby, the present Prime Minister, and leader of the Government in the House of Lords, whose fame was early acquired however, as Mr. Stanley in the Commons, where he so long contended with Sheil and O'Connell for the mastery. Lord Derby is the very impersonation of vivacity as of vigor. As you see him from the gallery, moving across the floor with alert step and shaking hands with an acquaintance, or seated opposite Earl Russell and listening from under his hat to some of the platitudes of that noble lord, or yet addressing the House in a strain of elegant raillery or stately declamation, he is the same Lord Derby, evidently enough well aware of his own power, reckless of consequences, defiant of enemies, with vitality enough in him yet to make a good fight for the old nobility with the best of them. At first-glance, the stranger, seeing father and son together, would take Lord Derby for the younger man, and surely on the brow of Lord Stanley, in a more marked degree "deliberation sits and public care." The impression made upon the English mind by Lord Stanley's speech on the Reform Bill was, it seemed to me, that he was a stronger thinker and safer counsellor than his father, but wanting his grace, his dash, his eloquence and his command.*

* The story is told of Lord Stanley, that discussing his father's political and intellectual character with a friend and adherent of the latter, he said, "my father would be a very able man, if he knew anything, but he is lamentably ignorant." On the other hand, it is said that, Lord Derby, being asked if he had sent Lord Stanley a copy of his translation of the Iliad, replied, "that he should do so as soon as it was published in the form of a Blue Book." A far

Of the rising men of the House of Commons, Lord Cranborne, who was known, at the time of which I write, as Lord Robert Cecil, occupies a conspicuous place. In person, tall but stooping, and wearing a full black beard, with the look of a man in feeble health, Lord Cranborne is decidedly un-English in appearance. Although not more than forty years of age, he is regarded as one of the most efficient members of the present Ministry, and has won his way to power by diligent attention to the science of government. His articles in the *Quarterly Review* have secured a very enviable reputation for him in literary and political circles.—He is a hard student, and his relaxations are not fox-hunting and grouse-shooting, but rambles through the rural districts of England, with a photographic apparatus, returning with the finest bits of English scenery in his port-folio. His course in Parliament has been independent of party ties, though he has acted for the most part with the Conservatives. In debate Lord Cranborne is perfectly at his ease, always thoroughly acquainted with the subject and never rising unless he has something to say.—His style is eminently epigrammatic. From all which it will be correctly inferred that he never speaks without being listened to.

On the Liberal benches, midway between the entrance and the Speaker's Chair, there sat, ordinarily side by side, two men of wide-spread reputation, differently acquired, who, in equal measure possessed the ear of the House, although the one spoke with ease and brilliancy, and the other with hesitancy and plainness—John Bright and John Stuart Mill. The great master of dialectics is a hard, nervous-looking man, thin, tall, bald, beardless, pale, sharp-featured, eagle-beaked and eagle-eyed. The striking effect of his ample brow is painfully impaired by the disfigurement of a wart or wen. He sits as member for Westminster, and is now earnest in his advocacy of just those political views which he has for years been assailing with all the force of his original and powerful intellect. Probably no other writer in the English language has pointed out with so much clearness the importance of safe-guards against the rule of the lowest classes of society as John Stuart Mill. No one has warned his countrymen more impressively than he, against the evils to be apprehended from the rule of a mere numerical majority. But he now favors an unrestricted suffrage which shall be exercised by men and women alike. As a speaker, Mr. Mill lacks all the qualities which are possessed in such an eminent degree by his friend and brother Liberal, John Bright, except clearness of statement, and directness of purpose. John Bright is a popular orator

more probable anecdote of Lord Stanley with reference to his father, belongs to the Library at Knowsley, his lordship's country-seat in Lancashire. A guest in his visits had noticed that whenever a volume had been taken from the shelves, the card of the person taking it was left behind, and seeing very many of Lord Stanley's and very few of Lord Derby's cards he asked the son for an explanation of the fact. "My father" said Lord Stanley, "has now no need of consulting books, he carries their contents in his head."

of the first class. His person is prepossessing, and his manner uncommonly agreeable. Having long since discarded the attire of the Quaker, he appears always scrupulously well dressed in a suit of black, and closely shaved, except as to a short whisker of the style known as the mutton chop. Bold and outspoken in the avowal of his sentiments; with an exhaustless flow of excellent English, remarkable as being mostly Saxon, the English of the Drapier Letters; with a voice like a trumpet, little varied, indeed, in its notes, but silver-toned and strong; without prettiness or circumlocutions, but going directly to his aim, John Bright is the Tribune of the People, if ever there was one. A higher type of man than Wilkes, he has a greater mastery over the masses than ever that demagogue wielded at the height of his popularity. Unexceptionable in private life, he commands the respect even of his opponents, and though his animadversions directed at the House of Commons from the stump, amounted almost to down-right abuse, he he was uniformly received upon his return with entire courtesy.

His plans of Reform are simple enough. He would abolish Church and State, Game laws, House of Lords, bauble of monarchy, hereditary privilege of every kind, and bring merry England down to a pure democracy after the manner of the United States, which is his model of government and society. Not all at once would he do this, perhaps, and those who act with him in the matter of reform would, many of them, start back affrighted at the bare contemplation of such sweeping changes. Lord Macaulay was an ardent Reformer of 1832, and yet could not think Mr. Jefferson a benefactor of mankind because an unrestricted suffrage was the result of his political teachings. Mr. Gladstone, who once saw in Church and State but two aspects of one eternal embodiment of truth, might possibly consent to the severance of religion from the government, but he would doubtless recoil from the destruction of the Peerage and the abrogation of the Crown, and from that ingenious division of social duties and privileges by which the rich are to pay all the taxes and the poor are to have all the power. Such is Mr. Bright's simple plan, and if England shall be brought to adopt it and shall ever be content to drop the substance of liberty for its shadow which she sees reflected across the water from these shores, it will be due in a very great degree to the eloquence of the member for Birmingham.

There is a gentleman on the other side of the House, once himself a Liberal, who does not look ahead of him by the aid of Mr. Bright's lamps. His appearance is so singular that the stranger will be led to ask who he is before hearing him utter a word. He is almost an Albino, with white hair and white projecting eyebrows, a man of ordinary height and undemonstrative demeanor, but peering out at the conduct of affairs with very sharp eyes indeed.—This is Mr. Robert Lowe, whose political views, his opponents charge, were suddenly and com-

pletely turned upside down by the violent usage he once received at the hands of intelligent and incorruptible Britons at the polls, upon which occasion he barely escaped with his life. Mr. Lowe distrusts the capacity of the million for governing the State and sees in Mr. Bright the precursor, at no very long interval, of "the man on horseback." His speeches upon the Reform Bill of 1866 were compact of thought and philosophic insight, and though delivered with less ease and grace than those of Mr. Bright, will very surely endure as among the best specimens of the Parliamentary rhetoric of the age of Victoria.

The comparison is very often instituted by Americans between the oratory in general of the British Parliament, and that of the Federal Congress and the State Legislatures of the United States, and they dwell with no little complacency upon the unquestionable superiority of their own orators over the speakers of England. There can be but little doubt that there is a much larger number of men in every hundred in America who are capable of expressing themselves in public speech with fluency and even correctness than in Great Britain, and that the ordinary discussions of our town councils and railroad boards are conducted with less difficulty to the gentlemen taking part in them than the ordinary discussions of the House of Commons. I have heard a great dignitary of the Church of England, whose written discourses are models of rhetorical elegance, so stammer, and break down, and tie himself up in tangles of grammatical construction, and so fall over impediments of his own devising, and run into all manner of blind alleys of phraseology leading no whither, in quite hopeless confusion, and this too in a course of lectures (extempore) upon a subject with which he was perfectly familiar, that it was almost the *peine forte et dure* to listen to him; and I have seen an Earl, in brave uniform of Lord Lieutenant of his county with side sword and cocked-hat, in moving the address to Her Majesty in the House of Lords, go through such absurd grimaces in his agonizing for words—"the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration"—that a raw member of a third-rate debating society in a free school on the frontier of Iowa would have been ashamed of cutting such a figure as his Lordship. But it may be doubted whether we have any reason to felicitate ourselves upon this unquestionable superiority in public speaking. So far from facilitating, it impedes the business of the country. Solomon tells us twice repeated that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, but he does not say that there is wisdom or safety in a multitude of speakers. There is far less rubbish spoken in Parliament than in Congress, because, instead of forever talking about the British Lion and the Union Jack as our orators talk about the American Eagle and the glorious Flag, the members address themselves in their blunt way, stammering and bungling somewhat it is true, to

the matter in hand, and manage to transact it.*

No unprejudiced observer will hesitate to admit that, however inferior John Bull may be to Brother Jonathan in the art of public speaking, there is a far higher culture among the members of Parliament than among the members of Congress. The reason is, indeed, not far to seek, and may be found in the disheartening truth that the tendency of our political institutions is undeniably to keep the most thoughtful and accomplished men out of public life. Apart from the fact that public life is distasteful to them, there is the important circumstance that the man who makes politics a trade, rather than a study, and cultivates the arts of the demagogue, rather than the graces of the statesman, will, in the great majority of cases, prevail against the scholar and thinker at the polls. There is an unquestionable jealousy, on the part of the people, of superior culture. The day of the Legarés and the Riveses, of the Kennedys and the Reeds, of the Everetts and the Winthrops, has passed by, and will not return. If any one doubt the higher culture of the British Parliament, let him consider their contributions to the literature of the age in comparison with what has been done by members of Congress in polite learning. The man who should be restricted in his reading to the books which had been written by our Congressional *literati* would be in a state of quite pitiable intellectual destitution. But the man who should collect the volumes which have been written, or compiled, by members of Parliament, now sitting at Westminster, would get around him a valuable and interesting library. Without recurring to Macaulay and Jeffrey, not long departed, we may cite the voluminous essays of Lord Brougham, the philosophical writings of Mill, the historical and biographical works of Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon,) the novels of Disraeli and Bulwer, the Homeric Studies, and many other dissertations, of Mr. Gladstone, the elegant Latinities of the latter in association with Lord Lyttleton, the Iliad of Lord Derby, the researches of Layard, the graceful "Letters from High Latitudes" of Lord Dufferin, that wonderful prose poem "Eothen" and the History of the Crimean War, of Kinglake, the compilation of

* Mr. Carlyle, in his admirable Inaugural Address at Edinburgh, upon being installed as Rector of the University there, has something to say that is pertinent to this matter of universal oratory. He says:

"When the 'seven free arts' which the old universities were based on, came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for the wants of modern society—though perhaps some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us,—there arose a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes out of a man, is not the synonym of wisdom by any means! That a man may be a 'great speaker,' as eloquent as you like, and but little real substance in him. . . . . .

"Oh, it is a dismal chapter all that if one went into it,—what has been done by rushing after fine speech! I have written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I could now wish them to be; but they were, and are deeply my conviction. There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me as if the finest nations of the world,—the English and the American, in chief,—were going all off into wind and tongue. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by-and-by, long after I am away out of it."

sacred poetry entitled the Book of Praise, by Sir Roundall Palmer, Tom Brown's School Boy Days (and its companion volumes) of Thomas Hughes, the poems of Lord Houghton (better known as R. Monckton Milnes,) the numerous books of travel of Lawrence Oliphant, and we might go still further, for the list is not exhausted, and mention has not yet been made of Earl Russell's disquisitions in political philosophy and memoirs of poets and politicians.

To revert for a moment, in bringing these random sketches of Evenings in Parliament to a close, to English and American oratory, it is matter of question whether the superiority we have asserted is not rather in measure than in degree, in the general diffusion of the gift than in the surpassing excellence of its particular manifestations, that is to say whether, while twelve Americans caught at random and called out for a public speech at a town meeting, or a political banquet, would acquit themselves far more creditably than a like number of Englishmen, there are to be found at this moment in Congress two men as eloquent as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. I greatly doubt it. And I am equally in doubt whether the so often insisted-upon deterioration in Parliamentary eloquence since the days of Pitt is not more fanciful than true. Something must be allowed, of course, for the change of circumstances, for the utilitarianism of the age, for the vast augmentation of public business admitting far less of mere rhetorical displays, and for the fact that in our day the speeches are taken down just as they fall from the lips of the orators, and in that form presented to the world, without revision, the next morning when the world is eating its breakfast. We have only fragments of some of the finest efforts of Fox and Sheridan, but we cannot be absolutely certain that tradition has not in some degree exaggerated their merits. Had they been faithfully reported, we should undoubtedly possess many noble passages of imperial declamation that have unhappily perished, but it may also be that, taken as a whole, they would fall below what tradition represents them to have been, and we may not hesitate to express the conviction that the volumes of Hansard for the year 1866 will transmit to posterity efforts which, judged even by the standards of past excellence, posterity will regard as worthy of the palmiest day of English eloquence.

MADONNA.

Oh! Mary Mother, though we lay
No adoration on thy shrine,
Nor at thine altars prostrate pray,
Nor deem thee as thy Son, divine.

We offer thee as justly due,
The tenderest reverence lips may breathe,
And benedictions warm and true,
Around thy sainted memory wreathe.

The Angel's homage we repeat,
His pæan join in glad accord,
And thee most blest of women greet,
The Virgin Mother of our Lord!

All gentle elements combined
In thee their meed of greatest good;
In thee may mortals fitly find
The type of perfect womanhood.

So pure that seeming sin became
In thee the highest holiness;
So steadfast in thine earnest aim,
So strong in patient lowliness,

So powerful in thy self-control,
That though the future's fearful part
Pierced like a sword thy suffering soul,
Thou heldest it hidden in thy heart,

That many thoughts may be revealed!—
Sweet Mother! well thy children know
The blessedness, thy sorrows sealed,
The rich results that from them flow!

We women find in thee a bond
Of perfect fellowship above;
We feel thy tenderness, the fond
Deep fervor of thy Mother-love.

Through every trouble's varied phase,
Which can to woman's portion fall,
Thy soothing sympathy allays
Our griefs, for thou hast known them all!

When we our highest hopes have laid
On some dear object of delight,
Then seen their fair fruition fade
And wither with a blasting blight,

We think of thee who thought'st to claim
A regal throne and crowned head
For thy Beloved, but found'st the shame
Of Calvary's cruel Cross instead!

And when th' insatiate Conqueror Death
Our heart's most treasured trust has won,
We see thee watch with bated breath,
The awful dying of thy Son!

Oh! Mary Mother, may we trace
The blessed pathway thou hast trod,
Till saved by thy Son-Saviour's grace
We meet thee in the light of God!

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

So passed away the morning of my life; in foolish dreamings of impossibilities, that wondering search into the future that youth half delights, half fears to sound, the future floating with its golden rose-clouds, each impossible becoming the possible with its maybes of silver linings, vivified with shapes so indistinct that they melt before becoming visible to the sight, like those sweet shades in the morning sky when it is impossible to tell where one commences or another terminates; before growing dull and grey and hardened, changing character with the experience of each added year, as life reveals itself and the mystery (no grand mystery after all) unwinds, only to find the future still fleeting before us as it merges and developes itself into eternity—death and immortality, the goal we seldom think of in those sweet, youthful imaginings. Ah! God has so ordained it. He placed us here to live, to fill our little span, and He would not have the young, strong arm rendered nerveless with the impression of life's futility.

I often saw him, the inspirer of my dreams, in one way or another. Once or twice when I was walking

* Continued from page 152.

to school through the woods, I was overtaken by him and his tutor on a scientific ramble in the same direction. On such occasions he always bowed and gallantly insisted upon relieving me of my books, carrying them for me till we reached the schoolhouse door. He would make some gentlemanly remarks by the way, which I answered shyly enough, stealing occasional glances at him from under the border of my long sun-bonnet, then when my destination was reached with another courtly bow he would pass on with his tutor.

Then I saw him on his beautiful pony, presented by his father when his precocious manliness had developed itself into a desire for dangerous pastimes, could see him from my window as he galloped to and from his stately home, made the woods echo with the report of his gun or botanized with his tutor in the neighboring fields. I loved to watch him with the most eager, childlike unconsciousness of harm, as if he had been a beautiful flower, a favorite plant, or those rich, gorgeous sunsets that my young soul drank in with such intoxicating delight.

But, alas! a plant or a sunset is very different from a handsome youth, and the admiration excited by the one differs altogether in its consequences from that produced by the other.

Several times he came with his father to see mine on business, and while the elder gentlemen were conversing, he would walk about the premises, playing with my little brothers, or conversing with his air of dignified grace with my mother. I, upon such occasions, sat with my eyes downcast upon my work, my face flushing and my heart beating tumultuously if he happened to address a word to me, too shy to give an audible answer. One day I was seated on the bench under the sitting-room window, with the honeysuckle swinging above me and half touching my head as I spun some wool. The noise of the wheel prevented my hearing their approach until they were quite close and I looked up startled upon hearing footsteps to find it was the father and son.

They bowed and the young gentleman took a seat near me while his father walked off with mine to the adjoining field for the exhibition of some cattle. He threw himself with careless ease on the turf and played with our old house dog, all unconscious of the admiring looks I stole at him occasionally.

Our conversation was very limited. I was of course too shy to undertake his entertainment, and he, after addressing me several remarks about the flowers and my present occupation, or such things as he supposed might be interesting to a simple, ignorant country girl, folded his arms while the dog caressed his feet and appeared to be absorbed in the contemplation of the scenery or other subject of meditation. Presently he sprang lightly to his feet as he saw the elder gentlemen approaching, brushing away all familiarity with the dog that was rather importunate in his attentions, as he did so.

"You should have accompanied us, Alfred," remarked his father, "Mr. Ashburton's stock is really worth looking at. I should like to have had your opinion, also, as to some I design purchasing."—Alfred laughed and shook his head.

"It is an old adage, my father," he said, "that two heads are better than one, but I never heard before that three were." He paused and looked beyond at something in the distance for a moment, then added, "especially such a sheepish one as mine is upon such subjects." Indeed he did not look in the least interested in that under discussion, and his opinion could hardly have been of much value.

His father looked at him with smiling pride. "A great farmer, Mr. Ashburton," he said, turning to mine. "That is my future assistant. What do you think of him for the present? is he likely to be a very valuable one, when he avoids such occasions for learning what may be very useful to him hereafter."

"Humph!" said Father dryly, "is that what you intend doing with him, Mr. Chauncey? I tell 'ee what, young gent, you'll have to look sharp before you make a farmer. It requires more eyes than you've got, it appears to me."

I flushed and thrilled with horror and cast a glance involuntarily at the father and son. It was certainly not the answer that the elder Chauncey had anticipated.

He colored and drew himself haughtily back from my plain-spoken old father, changing his manner at once from an air of friendly condescension to one of proud reserve.

Alfred noted the effect at once, and, with his graceful good nature, came to my father's rescue.

To his father's hurried defence, that "there was time enough, he wanted the young gentleman to see something of the world before he settled"——, he struck in,

"You are right, both of you. Perhaps I make more use of my eyes than you suppose, Mr. Ashburton. Thanks to my father's care I am laying in knowledge now which will not prove useless to me hereafter, as you will see. We can never be rivals," he bowed politely, "as you have the advantage of me in age and experience, but some time under your kind advice I may not disgrace my instructors."

His speech had a peculiarly pleasant effect, and raised him higher (if that could be) in my estimation than ever.

My father's attack had been a very rough, unprovoked one, and particularly unseasonable at his own house; I felt bitterly ashamed of it, and the contrast between his want of refinement and their easy polish was never more strongly defined than at that moment.

Father did not seem conscious of it, and took Alfred's politeness as if it had been his right, while it softened him without his knowing it.

"You will be very welcome to it," he nodded good naturedly, "An old man's advice is sometimes of value, you know."

The visitors bowed and walked off, carrying away with them a

breath of polished refinement that seemed to leave my own surroundings so coarse and flat by contrast.

I felt the roughness of father's manners as a sort of disgrace and a sense of humiliation and inferiority came over me which was very unpleasant, and marred my enjoyment of the sunset that evening considerably. It is a very difficult thing to become etherealized. Though we gaze among the stars, a gnawing uneasiness at the heart *will* drag us down from æreal flights and make us far more alive to a mundane than a celestial existence.

Once, and once only, I went to that proud mansion that was to my childish imagination as a Paradise from which I was debarred entrance forever—always near, yet as distant in reality, as one of the stars I gazed at in the night time.

One afternoon, father came in and said,

"Mary, don't you want a walk?"

"Where, father?" I asked, looking up from my sewing.

"Why, I've got to go up to Chauncey's on business, (my father always called him *Chauncey* behind his back, to my great repugnance, for I knew that he would not, for worlds, have done it to his face) and mother says you may dress yourself, and go with me, if you like. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir, I'd like very much to go," I answered, with quick heart-beats, "It would give me pleasure to walk there with you."

"You queer little witch of a woman! why don't you answer like other people? Fie! about your pleasure, but go and get ready, for I can't be kept waiting, hark ye."

Repairing to my room in a state of great internal excitement, I found mother almost equally so over my frocks, holding up several for examination as to their suitableness on so august an occasion.

Her perplexity, fortunately for me, was put to a speedy termination by father's calling out from below, "make haste;" so I was quickly donned in a blue muslin and straw hat with streamers of the same azure tint.

"You look very nice," said mother, surveying me with apparent satisfaction, "Now hold up your head and be as much of a lady as any of them." If holding up the head constituted the lady, my title to that appellation was certainly but a poor one, for my shy eyes drooped constantly on leaving our own land and treading the great avenue to the shrubberied Paradise.

I could hardly realize my happiness, the felicity of going to his home;—there of seeing him perhaps;—of being their guest for a little while, and though ever so little, an object of their attention for the time. I was only thirteen or fourteen then.

There were strangers just arrived at the grove we were told, and mother was delighted at the opportunity of my seeing and describing them to her on my return, having considerable curiosity of her own to go there herself, which curiosity she had had no chance of gratifying, as of course, she was not expected to

visit there, and she would not go upon any other pretext. So it pleased her well that her daughter, as a child, should have the advantage she could not obtain for herself, of seeing and being in fashionable society—hence her anxiety about my dress, as if it mattered to those proud people what the plain farmer's daughter wore.

With intense, trembling pleasure, I left our own grounds and entered the iron gate that led into the park, advancing with my father through an avenue of oaks and poplars, whose intertwining shadows tesselated the smooth surface of the clean grass below on which our foot-falls were scarcely audible. My eye traveled up the smooth, shapely trunks till they reached the lofty summits clasping their branches together in long rows of arches through which the light fell fitfully on the dark green carpeting.

The place appeared still more elegant to my unsophisticated eyes as I neared it than it had looked from my little garret window. A handsome porch of imposing dimensions, with granite pillars and steps decorated the front. The house itself was of a red brick, mellowed into a deep, rich hue by age and weather, relieved by dark green shutters and stone and stucco work.

On one side was a large green conservatory, beyond which was seen a gate of trellis work supported by a pair of granite pillars, on the summit of each of which was a stone urn from which grew a variety of flowers forming rich bouquets and sending forth various little creepers which wound about the stonework and wreathed it fancifully. Through the trellis work I could see the garden with its stately bushes ranged in artistic order. A purple magnolia and a pink myrtle waved to me through the gate, and a blossoming rose tree with its wreaths of pink boughs scattered its elegant burden on the graveled walks. On the other side, a long row of buildings hid the grounds from view and were almost concealed by a grove of lindens which grew close to the house.

My heart beat rapidly as we approached, and I almost wished myself at home rather than encounter that formidable meeting with strangers. How would they meet me? What would they say to me, and would I be able to comport myself properly? I asked myself breathlessly.

Fortunately I was soon relieved, for Mr. Chauncey seeing us approaching his house, came out on the porch to meet us. Though a proud man, he had very affable manners, particularly at home, and his reception of us was that of the thorough-bred gentleman.

"I am most happy to see you, Mr. Ashburton. Your little daughter, I presume. Permit me to take her in and place her under Mrs. Chauncey's charge during her visit."

My father stated the object of his visit, which was to see some famous specimens of agriculture that Mr. Chauncey had lately imported and intended attempting to naturalize on his farm.

"Come this way, Miss, —— Mary? is that your name?" said

Mr. Chauncey, leading me in the handsome hall, where a broad stair-case led to the story above, and an open door opposite showed a long piazza around which trees waved in the summer wind. He stepped to one side, and opening a door, I was suddenly in the midst of so brilliant an assembly, my eyes could discern nothing but a mass of gilded cornices, splendid furniture, ladies in floating summer vestments that waved like mists before me, while my ears were saluted by a low, subdued hum, which subsided a very little as those who were near turned to see who it was their host was ushering in just then. "Mrs. Chauncey, here is a young lady that I place under your care for the present. My good neighbor, Mr. Ashburton's daughter." He led me forward as he spoke into the centre of the room, but my drooping eyes and trembling limbs scarcely permitted me to see the looks I felt to be directed towards my poor little self.

A queenly lady, in a purple silk trimmed with rich black lace, with her long curls permitted to fall in front while a high tortoise shell comb confined them partially behind, advanced to receive the little girl thus thrown upon her attention.

Had she been a royal lady and these the denizens of her court, she could not have been more queen-like or I more fluttered at such a presence. But she welcomed me with all the dignified grace and affability of a queen and bent her haughty head with a winning smile as she spoke to me with condescending kindness.

"Come to this seat, my dear," she said, drawing me to an ottoman, "I am very glad your father brought you. I have seen you so often at church that I almost feel as if I knew you, and take quite an interest in the little thing that I have watched from Sunday to Sunday. And you wished to see the place, did you not? It looks very well now that the trees are in foliage and the flowers in bloom. Would you like to see the grounds? If I can only command the attention of my madcap son who is completely run away with our pretty young guest there, I would get him to show you around."

Was Alfred there? I had never raised my eyes till now to ascertain. Now that the beating of my heart quickened at the mention of his name, I looked up rapidly and saw far away in the deep embrasure of a window, with heads bent together, two beautiful figures. One was Alfred's as he bent with boyish grace towards an exquisitely beautiful girl about my own age. His laughing face and light waving hair almost touched hers as she half turned aside in a fit of playful petulance, archly glancing at him over a rose she held in her hand. I was lost in admiration while looking at her; her beauty was captivating. She was not one of those ideal beauties that I had read of in books and peopled my imaginary world with. No written words, though descriptive of features, form and complexion, could convey an idea of her fascinations.

It was not her figure, though that was as slim and graceful as

some delicate plant, it was not the usual attributes of beauty, though she possessed each in perfection—these I have seen since almost, if not quite equalled in others—but there was a nameless something about her that compelled you to love her with a jealous, exclusive love, almost to a painful intensity. To a man her very presence must have been intoxicating. Her eyes were intensly brown, so warm and rich that they looked like painted velvet, but in the centre glittered two radiant pupils that swam in the lustre their arch mischief gave them one moment, the next to melt into your very soul with the mild entreaty of a gazelle. Her eyebrows were very distinctly marked and very much arched in the centre, which gave them their peculiar richness and fascinated your gaze so completely as you watched the play of her brows, the lines appearing to cross one another in their indescribable archness. She was not dark, yet her roses were too brilliant to call her fair. Her color was rich and fluctuating; of that deep, warm tint that one finds in the heart of a rose when the sun has blanched its outer envelope. Her lips were as scarlet as the coral bracelets she wore and they assisted her eyes wonderfully in sustaining their peculiar expression. From the small, beautiful head fell a profusion of rich brown ringlets, very dark in color and heavy in their arrangement. Whatever she might be in the future, the coquette, the practiced worldling, she appeared but a wild, merry girl at present. Yet her manner indicated her future as she turned coquettishly from him and attempted to place the red rose in her hair. It fell to the floor between them. He stooped and bending gracefully over her, placed the rose where she desired it to rest. Very meekly the soft eyes fell during this act of gallantry, and the lines rested almost straight across her brows, but presently, arching with mischief she raised them to a neighboring mirror, and made them give a most comical protest against his awkwardness in decorating her hair.

"Alf, Alfred," called his mother softly.

Tossing back her heavy curls the young guest came running over to where we sat, shaking her finger commandingly at Alfred who was about to follow her.

"He can't come," she cried, her face glowing as a rose. "I've put him in the corner and forbidden his moving for the present."

"Why have you cornered my son, Adéle?" asked the lady gently, and taking the hand that was held out in playful threatening towards him.

"For sundry misdemeanors, madam, I assure you he deserves punishment, and shall receive it most humbly at my hands."

"Very well, my dear, but you must put off his punishment for awhile and let him escort this young lady who has never been here before, about the place. Go tell him that his mother wants him."

Giving a graceful sweep in submission to his mother's superior authority, a wave of her imperial

hand brought him speedily across the room.

"I don't know what I shall do with you and Adéle to keep you in order," said his mother smiling at him fondly. "Now go and comport yourself properly. Take this young lady under your charge and walk about the grounds till I send for you."

Alfred had taken my little trembling hand in his and spoken to me with gentle kindness, but I felt intuitively that he must have considered my presence at the time as a great bore, drawn off as he was from his devotion to that entrancing young beauty.

"I will do my best, mother, to act the showman, though there is'nt much to be seen after all. Will you come, Miss Adéle?"

"No, I think not. While you act beau-general let me remain beside your mother and learn that very desirable good behavior which I need so much. Mr. Alfred, I kiss my hand to you. I am afraid to stay in your company any longer since it spoils my reputation for dignity."

She pouted so prettily as she spoke and gave her head such a provoking, little ill-used, toss that he remained perforce to make peace.

"It is a very great hardship for me to be under the burden of your displeasure, Miss Fleurry, since I was placed under the same condemnation. If I have wronged you, I ask pardon, but in the meantime if you will come with us, I promise to be on the best behavior imaginable. Pledge your word for your suffering son, mamma mine."

"Go, Adéle, you shan't stay with us," bade the lady smilingly, "the presence of your charge, probably, will keep you from being too outrageous."

Adéle had not addressed me a word after the first introduction, but suddenly turning then she said, "come, Miss Asburton, and take a walk."

I arose and timidly took the proffered hand. We walked out through the hall into the piazza, thence over the smooth turf, through the gate of trellis work into the garden.

It was like fairy land to me—those beautiful trees and rare flowers. So lovely with the summer wind sighing among them and rustling their leaves as if the spirit of flowers dwelt among them and murmured admiration at the fair young flower that was as beautiful as those we had brought with us. I looked at nothing so much as at her, so fascinating to me were her bright dark eyes and brilliant cheeks.

I did not know—I was guiltless of intentional wrong—but her beauty gave me pain, rather than pleasure, and I knew not why, but I wished as I looked at her that either she was less charming, or that I was her equal in personal attractions. A numb pain came over me, and I wished that she had not come into my paradise to disturb my dreams and cause me this vague, inward uneasiness. Then came discontent, and I felt myself to be so homely and awkward as I walked beside them, they continuing their graceful jesting.

Alfred spoke to me several times,

but as I answered only in monosyllables, he thought probably that I would feel more at my ease in being permitted to remain silent, so he and Adéle jested and sported, he the willing captive, she the arch child coquette. He was evidently very much in love, for he could scarcely take his eyes from her budding beauty for a moment.

We came to an arbor buried under a heavy mass of creepers.

"Ah! Alfred!" cried Adéle, "will you look at that rose above there? What would I not give for it!"

"Yourself?" he asked playfully putting one hand on the arbor as if about to rise on its framework, and turning his smiling face around to her.

"Myself!" she exclaimed innocently," I am not mine to give. You know I belong to mamma and papa yet."

"Ah! true! but I'll hold the promise good for the future (vague uneasiness again.) Your obedient, humble servant, mademoiselle."

He sprang lightly up the side of the arbor, leaned over and procured the rose in triumph. Jumping down, he half bent one knee and tendered the flower with an air of graceful submission to his liege lady. It was a lovely white rose with a heavy envelope of waxen petal, just warmed in the centre into a mellow tint as if the sun had kissed it and left a ray to linger there.

"I am so much obliged to you, sir knight, that I am going to give this rose to Miss Ashburton on whom you were in duty bound to bestow it. Remember you have given me countless flowers already, but have not given her one."

His face flushed deeply as she turned to me with playful petulance and said—

"Take this flower, Miss Ashburton, I have a great many more and don't care for it."

"No, indeed," said I, drawing back, and so wounded that I could with difficulty refrain from a fit of childish tears.

"There, Master Alfred, you see that I am more polite than you, and Miss Ashburton knows it." (The wanton little beauty! she knew her power and was merciless in the use of others as a means for its exhibition.)

"Miss Ashburton must excuse me," cried Alfred with heightened color, "but you said you would give anything for it, while Miss Ashburton expressed no wish of the kind."

"Very proper! how could she when you never offered her a single flower? Miss Ashburton, send him off."

Thus playfully amusing themselves we wandered on about the grounds, while Alfred retrieved his character for politeness by gathering a variety of flowers, some delicate heliotrope and verbenas as a bouquet for me, presenting them very kindly when arranged.

I received it with a simple "thank you," but I have preserved it from that day to this. They lie now scentless and faded in a little box; kept because his hand had touched them, and because of the passing thought that he bestowed on me while arranging them. How foolish it was! I

blushed many a time on seeing them for the feeling that prompted me to keep them, yet could not summon moral courage sufficient to throw them away when their beauty and fragrance were gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CALLISTA.

Out of a darkness deeper far than death,
  Out of a pitiless, pale sorrow piled
About my heart that stifled back my breath
  And hushed me like a terror-stricken child,
Callista called me, and I could not stay:
Callista called me, and I went away.

She called me, and like Ariel, her voice
  Evoked a tempest from my spirit fraught
With swift, auroral splendors that rejoice
  Around the darkened, Arctic poles of thought:
She called: my heart flushed gladly up the sky
Beneath the radiant summer of her eye.

Callista called me, and for four long years
  The spectral beckoning of her white hand
Led me thro' terror and thro' blood, and tears,
  When war ran riot "in the red, red land,"
And like a vestal Priestess she became
Part of the Faith that made her altars flame.

Scorching or freezing on the Picket lines,
  Or bound and guarded in a Felon's cell,
Or laid at rest beneath the moaning pines,
  Or where the battle's thund'rous surges swell,
I saw her bright face gleaming everywhere
Calm as blest dreamings, eloquent as prayer.

Ah, once when fevered of a grievous wound
  Mine eyes had power to pierce the outward rind
Of gross, material forms which hedge us 'round
  And see the essences therein enshrined;—
I saw Callista's naked spirit then
Fairer than women are, nobler than men.

And after Franklin, when the midnight rain
  Washed off the blood-clots from my sleepless eyes,
While I was sifted thro' the sieves of pain
  Beneath the chill November's murky skies,
O, radiantly, she came, and bending low
Set peace, like kisses, on my heart and brow.

On a full score of bloody battle-fields
  'Mid the artillery's volcanic roar,
I heard the music that a whisper yields,
  A melody that haunts me evermore,
Callista whispering promises divine
"After the war, Love, then will I be thine!"

O, Darling, in the Land we Love there are
  Fair throngs of girls; but none of them I knew;
Homeless, and friendless as an unlit star
  Was I among them; friendless but for you;
Nor after four years' martyrdom, can I
Recall one kindly word, or kinder sigh:

And thou art gone, Callista, even thou!
  Sole Love of mine in all those dreary years!
And thou hast left my weary spirit now
  Like faded smiles adrift in bitter tears!—
Where dwellest thou, Callista?—I would dwell
With only thee!—I cannot say, Farewell!

What land's soft breezes toss thy nut-brown hair?
  What vales now blossom 'neath thy calm, dark eye?
Or dwellest thou on mountains bleak and bare?
  Or did'st thou to the unknown desert hie?—
O, Beautiful, no home on earth hast thou
Save this poor heart!—and it is broken now!

Callista, call me wheresoe'er thou art!—
  Pillow my wan cheek on thy virgin breast!
And let thine eyes distill into my heart
  Strength that is calm, and courage that can rest!—
A land of slaves is wearisome to me,
And my heart pines for solitude with thee!

Callista, call me! Beautiful, be mine!—
  And let me feel in heart, and blood, and brain,
That I am thine, in thought and purpose, thine!
  Alike to me are ocean, Alp, and plain;
The Land I Love is only where thou art,
Next to Messiah, nearest to my heart!

HUMORS OF THE MORGAN RAID INTO INDIANA AND OHIO.

(THIRD PAPER.)

A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Two companies of the "Indiana Legion" went down from their respective towns—Jonesville and Plainington—to show Gen. Morgan fight at Vernon. The two towns mentioned were on a line with Vernon: Jonesville was the nearest; therefore the Jonesvillians reached the "seat of war" first. Just outside the captured borough, at a safe distance, they halted and commenced to drill, for their commander, being a wise man, did not deem it altogether expedient to lead a freshly-organized company into battle until they had heard at least something of army tactics.

The spot chosen by the venturesome Jonesvillians, in which to educate themselves for war, was a deep valley, and while they were righting their eyes and letting their eyes, and wheeling, marching, counter-marching and charging; their friends, the Plainingtonians, appeared on the hill. The Jonesvillians recognized them at once, and with a view to showing off, began to indulge in a series of figures and flourishes so sublime as never yet to have been thought of by any writer of army tactics. But the Plainingtonians were less fortunate in point of recognition. They saw the Jonesvillians and halted; a brief, very brief, consultation was held; a "right-about-face" was ordered, and just as their neighbors began to indulge in one of their grand charges towards the top of the hill, with an eye single to their splendid reception, they struck off towards Jonesville, *sans* any word of command, or order to march, at the rate, as a musician might say, of three beats in a bar.

This movement on the part of their co-laborers in the "cause of their country" greatly astonished the Jonesvillians, for it never in the least occurred to them, that they, the loyal representatives of the loyal town of Jonesville, could possibly be mistaken for a band of rebels. There was something dreadful in the wind! What that was, it did not take their imaginations long to conjure up. From their advantageous position the Plainington boys had, most likely, seen Morgan and his whole force sweeping on in that direction.—They were then, in all probability, just ready to come over the hill from the direction of Vernon—a moment later and they would be tearing down upon them like a herd of locomotives. With one accord this impression seemed to force itself upon every member of the company, and by common consent they continued their charge straight on after the demoralized Plainingtonians; or rather, they converted it into what those worthies mistook for a most vigorous and malignant pursuit.

Such a race was never seen before, and may never come off again. The Jonesvillians took

new fright at every extra exertion on the part of the Plainingtonians, and so, to use a homely phrase, they kept it up, nip and nip. Finally the distance between Vernon and Jonesville was overcome, and into the latter place dashed the Plainingtonians, calling to the citizens to fly for their lives, as Morgan and his horse-thieves were right at hand. And the citizens flew. Some to their cellars, some to their garrets, and some toward the neighboring woods. In five minutes it was a legitimate bedlam. Men shouted to each other and swore at each other, or some one else; women screamed, children squalled, jacks brayed, and dogs barked—every sound that the little town was qualified to make came pouring forth tributary to the great hub-bub that was coming off with such commendable volume.

Up dashed the Jonesvillians, just as the excitement was highest. The Plainingtonians were completely exhausted, and as it did not occur to them that rebels were only flesh and blood, and therefore liable to get in the same condition, they concluded it was folly to longer continue the flight. So when their friends appeared, they threw down their arms and prepared to surrender unconditionally.

"We surrender!" cried the commander of the Plainingtonians, as the other company swept up towards them. "Never!" responded the Jonesville man, "never think of surrendering as long as you can fight. We are going to make a stand here, and protect our homes, or die by them. Back us up, my good neighbors—by our united efforts we can check the hordes of treason, and hold them till reinforcements come to our aid. The goodly town of Jonesville must not be thus tamely surrendered up without an effort to save her."

A new light broke in upon the Plainingtonians, and straightway their courage arose far above zero. Seizing their arms, they swore that the surrender of Jonesville, or of anything, or any one else, was the last thing they could ever think of. "You interrupted me," said their commander; "I did not mean that we were willing to surrender—here is what I was going to say, 'we surrender? We lay down our arms? Never, while there is a sinew at command, or a country that calls for our services!'"

The commanders were now each highly pleased with the other. A few words, however, sufficed to show pretty clearly just how matters stood, and what all this great race had been about, yet neither was willing to acknowledge the corn; so they made out that Morgan was coming, sure enough, and that they had double-quicked, not because they were afraid of him, but because they wanted to get to Jonesville ahead of him in order that they might defend the town. So they went out and formed in line of battle on the Vernon side of the place, and, in the language of the poet,

> —"Waited and waited
> Until did prevail
> The opinion that Knids had
> Abandoned the trail,"

Or, in other words, waited till night came on and a runner came with it, bringing a mess of astonishing intelligence to the frightened citizens of the "deserted village," to the effect that General Morgan had quitted Vernon, was marching, not towards Jonesville, but directly away from it.

It is a matter of wonder to some how it was that with the immense force they called out, the Federals did not prove more annoying to General Morgan in the course of his raid. The conduct of the two companies mentioned above may serve as a partial explanation. There were men enough constantly at hand to have swallowed the Confederates without salt, as the saying is, but like the Jonesvillians, they were generally only a little distance away, engaged in drilling, or something else. I recollect a little affair that came off just after the army got into Ohio. If not strictly humorous, it goes to further substantiate what I have been saying with reference to the keep-off propensities that were so fully developed in the "Legions;" and also to show that when accidently wrung in they were decidedly

SHARP SHOOTERS.

Sergeant Gilcrease, of the 10th Kentucky, had taken a small squad of men and struck out from the main army for the purpose of picking up a few fresh horses. They came to a place where too pretty good sized farms joined each other, with their buildings so located as to be but a short distance apart.

On their riding up to one of the farm houses the proprietor came out and received them with a very prominent show of friendship.—He had no horses just at hand, but he might put them in the way to find plenty—anyhow, he was friendly to the cause of the South, and therefore would be too happy to do anything he could for them.

While they were sitting on their horses listening to the old fellow's bladge, a gun was fired, over about the other house, and the ball was heard to pass rather unpleasantly near the little band. Sergeant Gilcrease asked the old gentleman what it meant. He told them there was a boy out in an orchard of the other farm shooting birds—nothing more.

This explanation did not fully satisfy Sergeant Gilcrease, so he told his men to remain and see what they could do with the old farmer, while he galloped over and took a look at matters and things about the other house.

There was a long lane running past the house; the end of it nearest to where the Confederates were, was fenced up, and had a large gate. Sergeant Gilcrease opened the gate, and as he passed through, it swung shut again of its own accord. All went well enough, and nothing looked at all suspicious until he was within a few paces of the house, when, to his amazement, out of it, and from around it, poured at least a full company of Federal State Guards, all of whom commenced firing upon him as rapidly as possible.

To retreat was not practicable, for the gate was closed and it

would not do to stop for the purpose of opening it; to dash right past the house, and down the lane was the only direction in which lay the slightest hope of escape. It was a hazardous undertaking but he undertook it, and strange as it may seem, ran the gauntlet without either himself or horse receiving a scratch, although there must have been considerably over a hundred shots fired at him.

Whether this company was drilling at the farm house, or not, I never learned—one thing I know, they were not making very strenuous efforts to find General Morgan; and another thing Sergt. Gilcrease knows, they would have made a very desirable band of sharp shooters—for an enemy.—He says in no instance during the raid was he so completely disgusted with the Northern "Legions" as in this—firing one hundred fair shots at short range, and not one scratching him.

"TELL ME YE WINDS."

Tell me ye gentle winds where have you been
Whispering to flowers in yon mossy glen?
Wooing them gently with kisses as sweet
As the fragrance ye lovingly linger to greet
Calling the blush to the beautiful rose
Or scattering the dew, that its petals enclose
Sighing the while to the lily so fair?
Who trustingly listens, sweet flowret beware.

Tarry ye night winds, stay with me stay,
And tell me where you've been wandering to-day,
Have you been where the azure sky smiles the day long?
To the sweet land of poesy, music and song,
Where the breath of the magnolia floats on the breeze?
And the Zephyrs sigh gently, amid orange trees,
Where the shimmering rays of the stars mildly beam,
As tender and soft, as the young Poet's dream.

Tell me ye whispering winds, where have you been
Listening to lovers, their secrets to win?
Lulling the violet sweetly to rest?
Or rocking the bird in his leafy tree-nest?
Filling the white sail of some tiny boat?
Or echoing softly, the blithe bugle's note?
Or kissing the wavelets, as pure and as bright
As the moonbeams that rest on its bosom at night?

Perchance you've been sleeping in some rocky cave
Where no sound greets the ear, save the flash of the wave
Or the scream of the gull, as she rides on the gale,
And mingles her cry, with the blast's dreary wail
Or sporting with echo, in some lonely dell
Where the sweet woodland quire, their melody swell
Come, tell me, thou truant, and I will not chide.
Then the Zephyr, in musical accents replied

I have kissed the soft cheek of the babe in its sleep,
And watched the fond mother, her loved vigils keep
As she pillowed the beautiful head on her breast,
And ever anon the fair ringlets caressed
Or tenderly sang in a low plaintive tone
To the darling, whose heart beats so near to her own
Or fervently prayed, for the guidance of Heaven
To fulfill the sweet trust, that her Father had given.

I have sighed with the maiden, in whose lovely eyes
Lay mirror'd the depths of the summer's blue skies
Whose tresses of gold hid a bosom of snow,
Where truest and warmest of impulses glow,
Whose rich mantling blush gave a silent reply,
To loved words breathed, as low, as her own gentle sigh,
When so fondly they stood 'neath the moon's holy light
And dreamed of a future, so calm and so bright.

With the prisoner I have been in his dark lonely cell
Where the deep monotones of the ocean's sad swell,
Blend strangely with the tramp of the sentinel's tread,
And awaken sweet memories of hopes that are fled,
Ah! where is the loved one? she is waiting e'en now
With the bridal-wreath resting upon her pure brow,
But her silvery laugh shall be changed to a sigh
And tear-drops shall quench the love light in her eye.

I have entered yon cot, where the clematis vine
Round the old rustic porch, its lithe tendrils entwine
And breathed through the lattice, the sweetest perfume
From dew-laden flowers, to the sufferer's room
And tenderly parted from off the flush'd brow,
The locks where the soft silvery threads mingle now,
For I knew that the spirit would soon be at rest
On the bosom of God, in the realms of the blest.

And then the sweet voice of the Zephyr was still,
And I heard not a sound, save the murmuring rill
As it gurgled along, o'er its pebbles of snow
And I thought, ah! could life, like that peaceful stream flow
Pure and calm, 'till its waters should blend with the sea
And be merged in the ocean of eternity,
Whose waves gently break on the calm peaceful shore
Where the weary find rest when life troubles are o'er.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

LOVE'S SHADOW.

THE old nurse ran as quickly as her trembling limbs would allow, and seizing a small toilet glass, which lay on the great rosewood bureau, placed it in the outstetched hand of the physician.

He rubbed his coat-sleeve hastily across it, and then holding it over the pale lips of the motionless girl before him, he fastened his eyes upon it with a fixedness which strained their dilated pupils until great drops gathered in them and half blinded him.

"Look in the glass, Mrs. Eston," he said, in a voice he tried hard to make steady, "my eyes fail me."

With an intensity of suppressed emotion no words can describe, she bent down and gazed into the polished surface of the mirror which gleamed in unsullied mockery.

A second of breathless suspense and then Dr. Mason, who had wiped his eyes, pointed silently to a tiny haze, which began to blur with a scarcely distinguishable vapor, the portion of the mirror immediately over Camille's mouth. It grew larger and still larger until a heavy moisture condensed upon the glass; then with a long, gasping sigh, the half freed spirit fluttered back to its frail prison, and with a strange shudder in all her delicate limbs, Camille came back to life.

To life, if it be life to lie in the illness of body and utter mental prostration, which for weary days and nights clung to her like a garment. Tenderly was she nursed by Mrs. Esten and her husband, who had returned at that lady's urgent summons, while their labor of love was shared by Mrs. Preston, who found in Camille's long and dangerous illness an ample scope for the exercise of the nursing, which Charley saucily declared was her Grand-mother's speciality.

But despite the care and attention of physician and friends, the girl recovered her strength so slowly that for a long time it was a matter of doubt if it would ever come back.

* Continued from page 117.

The depths of her spiritual nature had been broken up by a mighty convulsion, whose effects would outlast her physical life, and it required God's own hand to bring order out of the mental chaos, which encompassed her.

So soon as Dr. Mason gave permission, she held a long and serious conversation with her uncle and aunt, pouring out her very heart to them, with the freedom of a child.

As the story of her solitary and unappreciated life and childhood to which were given no teachings of self-denial, nor restraints of christian duty, her relatives fervently thanked God that the poor little stray lamb had been brought to the fold before neglect had so hardened her nature as to place it beyond hope of improvement.

Mr. Esten wrote a full account of Camille's condition to Mademoiselle La Fronde, and announced his determination to retain the guardianship of his niece until such time as her husband should return and she be willing to place herself under his care and protection.

Mam'selle's reply was characteristic ; she descanted on the glory and honor of the La Fronde family, each of which she declared to have been imperiled by Camille's rash and unaccountable conduct. She professed herself unable to conceive how her cousin, after having attained the height of her desires, should wilfully throw her happiness away, and she expressed her opinion of such suicidal action in very plain terms.

She readily acceded, so far as she was concerned, to Camille's remaining with her uncle, but insisted that her nephew was the proper person to decide the subject, and requested that it be at once referred to him.

In reply to a question of the present whereabouts of Mr. La Fronde, she stated that, not having heard from him since the morning of his marriage, she concluded he had pursued his journey to Paris, and gave his address in that city.

Addressing some advisory remarks of a soundly, practical, nature to Camille, she assured her that the only effect produced by her giddy and childish conduct was a regret that the marriage had been so precipitate, and a sorrow that Loui had not deferred it until she had reached the years of discretion. This desirable state, the old lady asserted, would be attained in the most direct manner by constant association with her paragon of a husband, and implicit obedience to his slightest wish.

The effect of this letter on Camille was such as to retard her recovery to such a degree that her feeble strength diminished so rapidly that Mr. Esten, seeing her life depended on the removal of the suspense which had become intolerable, wrote to Mr. La Fronde, and requested a reply at his earliest convenience.

Camille counted the days which must elapse before a reply to that letter could be received, and then, bouyed up by some hope, she would not name even to herself, she rallied all her energies and concentrated them in one determined effort to get well. And

she succeeded ; under the influence of the powerful will she brought to bear upon her shattered health, a power like that which swayed the dry bones in the Prophet's vision, exerted effects almost as miraculous.

This wonderful action of the ethereal essence of our being upon the material portion of our humanity, a fact which the wisest of us cannot explain, yet, which is patent to all, is one of the profoundest of the mighty mysteries by which we are encompassed, as well as one of the most conclusive proofs of our originally divine origin.

Camille exerted it to the utmost, and by slow, yet sure degrees, advanced steadily to health and strength. She was ably seconded so far as material aid went, by the members of the household at Broad-fields, as well as Mrs. Preston, who became so tenderly attached to her quiet patient, that the colonel declared Camille was a formidable rival to Charley in the affections of her grand-mother, and considered himself in duty-bound to bestow upon that young lady an increased amount of devotion.

After all, however, the most effectual, and certainly the pleasantest provocative to health was Dr. Mason's cheery prescription of a dose of Miss Charley Preston, to be taken *quan. suf.* in daily portions.

Under the exhilarating influence of this charming addition to the Pharmacopeia, and buoyed up by her untold hopes, Camille, who had grown strangely old before her youth, developed into a creature differing as essentially from her former self as a plant pining in the gloom and cold of a subterreanean apartment, does to itself when removed to the warmth of God's blessed sun-shine.

The points of contrast between the two girls were so great that their result was a perfection of harmony, which blended their differences into a delightful union, and produced a friendship which was the source of infinite enjoyment and mutual advantage.

During the weary days of Camille's convalescence, when weak as an infant, she would be dressed by the hands of her adoring nurse and laid, a structure of delicate bones with waxen skin stretched over them, among the pillows of her easy chair, Charley came as punctually as the days themselves, to give her suffering friend what she laughingly called her "Mason's Bitters." No tonic ever composed of ingredients brayed in a mortar, could equal the effect produced on the timid, reticent Camille, by Charley's fresh, young nature, so childlike in experience and feeling, so quaintly wise in thought and views of life, and so bold and fearless in manner of expressing them. No one could retain coldness, or reserve in familiar intercourse with one so pure and gay-hearted, and under her sunny teachings Camille commenced to grow as bright and joyful as herself.

"Take your dose at one gulph, Camille," she said, bursting into the bed-room of the latter one snowy morning much earlier than the usual time of her visit, "I've

scarcely time to look at you, and had to run away to be here at all."

"What is the matter?" said Camille, through whose long black locks wonderfully unaffected by her illness, her nurse was passing an ivory comb.

"Matter? Why Frank is coming, and if it were the Prince of Wales, aunt Eliza couldn't consider the visit of greater importance! She has written a regular State Paper to Grandpa, announcing the fact, and sent Grandma a document recording Frank's virtues and wisdom, ending with her prophetic consciousness that such a paragon is "destined to an early tomb." Grandma, who thinks aunt Liza an oracle, preached me a sermon from the text Frank, and when she got to the end of the letter she cried and Mammy groaned to such an extent that I couldn't help laughing, and so fell into deep disgrace.

Grandpa was out, and the Professor busy, so in my despair I bribed uncle Jack with some of Grandpa's most cherished tobacco, to drive me over without any one but ourselves knowing it."

"Well take off your hat, and stay all day and night," said Mrs. Esten who entered, key-basket on arm, from her round of housekeeping duties.

"No ma'am, thank you, I am obliged to go back and meet Frank, for aunt Liza would never forgive me if I in any way slighted her beloved. I declare, I do wonder she is not afraid to make such an idol as she does of Frank! I really believe she thinks the sun rises for no other reason than to look at Frank Lee, and that gravitation was established for the especial purpose of keeping him on his feet!—mighty pretty feet they are, too!"

"Does Frank, as you call him, deserve all this devotion?" asked the amused Camille.

"Frank is a very nice fellow," said Miss Charley, meditatively, as she rubbed her delicate nose with her left fore-finger, "very nice, indeed; spoiled, and rather too lazy and fond of ease and luxury, but very handsome and stylish, and well-bred, of course. He will never set the James, or any other river, on fire, but he is brave, high-minded, generous, and the very soul of honor."

"I am very glad you think so highly of him, my dear, if the report that you and he are to be married one of these days, be true," said Mrs. Esten.

"But I DO'NT think highly of him in that way!" said the girl, with a glowing face! In that light I do not like him a bit! As my cousin I love him dearly; as my ——— Oh! Mrs. Esten I couldn't!—we have been together ever since we were babies just like brother and sister. We never were separated till he went to College, and when we were little things ——."

Here Miss Charley's eloquent speech was stopped by a vision which rose before her of two tiny forms, which, encased in Canton flannel would kneel at opposite sides of their grand-mother's knees to say their evening prayers.

"I don't wish to marry any one," she continued, after a slight pause, "for I am too happy at

home, but I shall never marry Frank!

Grand-ma and aunt Liza will "rear" (as uncle Jack says) when they know this, and I shall have a scene to go through, and will be considered a monster of insensibility, but I think I can survive it! If the Professor isn't too busy with his books, I reckon he'll help me, and I known Grand-pa will, and he is the best knight ever owned by a damsel in distress! I already feel symptoms of incipient persecution—do'nt I look like a martyr, Camille?"

"Well, not exactly!" said Camille, looking in the lovely face turned towards her. "But when the stake is prepared you must bring yourself and your troubles to us, and you know you will receive the heartiest welcome and the truest sympathy!"

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Esten laughingly, "her's is a pitiable case! She is requested to marry an elegant young gentleman, the handsomest man in the county, and one of the richest in the State,—she has indeed good cause for sorrow!"

"I shall marry a *man*, not his looks, or his bank-book!" was the saucy reply, and giving a kiss to each of the ladies, this light-hearted damsel, in distress, ran down to the carriage and was driven carefully home by uncle Jack.

Repairing to her room, she remained there in unusual seclusion until the ringing of the dinner bell called her below, and Mandy announced, "Mass Frank had come,"

The family at Southside, the seat of the Prestons', were seated around the table which was supplied in the style which has made Virginia breakfasts world renowned, on the glorious next morning, when, although the snow lay soft and white on the ground, the sky and sun were beaming as if in Spring.

The colonel had been descanting in the heated manner which invariably attended his disquisitions on political matters, on the Leader in the last issue of the New York *Herald*, and other signs of the times, while the Professor had followed his arguments and philippics somewhat wearily, yet with the gentle deference to the wishes of others which was one of his distinguishing traits, making, now and then however, a random reply, which showed a mind greatly prëoccupied with some subject, other than the one under discussion.

"Grand-ma" said Miss Charley's clear voice as the Professor placed his empty cup upon the waiter of uncle Jack, whose whim it was to stand at meals behind his master's chair, and who, in token of his high regard for the Professor deigned to include him in his dignified ministrations, and who with a grave bow, now presented his cup to his stately mistress, "Grand-ma, please don't give the Professor any more coffee; he has had three cups already, and he has very important work before him to-day."

"My dear," said the dignified hostess, "it is extremely rude to observe the amount that persons eat, aud still ruder to impose restrictions upon them."

"I know it, Grandma, but I can't consent that immortality shall be sacrificed to politeness nor——a cup of coffee," she added, pouting her pretty lips, as she gave a saucy nod to the Professor's chair.

"Immortality?—Coffee?" said the puzzled lady, "What do you mean, child?"

"Just this, ma'am; the Professor has brought the history of Hector up to his parting with his wife, and what with his troubles in treating of hers, and his difficulties in describing the baby Astynax (I KNOW he has set him down as "an obese infant with ox eyes and windily distended cheeks") here a warning finger was shaken at the maligned author—"he will have his hands and head fuller than may be agreeable, so the clearer the latter is kept the better for all parties concerned—uncle Jack, bring back the cup!"

"I am much obliged to you, Miss Charley, for your reminder, and shall do my very best to show not only my regard for the descendants of Priam, but also my gratitude to you."

"What pleasure can you find, Professor, in digging away at those old Greek roots?" said Frank. "I have such a keen sense of the many injuries they did me in the way of keeping me in, when I ought to have been fishing, or hunting, that I am only too glad to cut the whole concern. What was Hector that you and Charley (who used to cry regularly every time we read his death) should make such a fuss about him? If he had had the slightest knowledge of military tactics, Troy might be standing still! Yet Charley holds him up to me as a model!—model indeed! What did he do?"

"He didn't talk with his mouth full of buckwheat cakes!" said Miss. Preston, turning scarlet at this attack on her beloved hero. "As to your being like him—there's small chance of that!" and the piquant nose of the speaker went up in the air at an expressive angle.

"I do not wish to be like him, particularly, if I am to be dragged seven times round Richmond!" was the rejoinder in a somewhat surly tone, for the young gentleman resented the curt manner of his pretty cousin. "Though there's as small chance of that as of my resembling the immortal Trojan! I say, Grandpa, there's a flight of the imagination for you! Fancy Richmond the capital of a warlike kingdom and the bone of contention between contending armies! Why if an army of seven hundred were to attack her, so far from resisting ten years, she wouldn't show so much as a seven days' fight!"

"I do wish, Frank," said Mrs. Preston, "that you would not speak in that disrespectful manner of Richmond, the capital of your State, and dear to every Virginia heart for that and for all her departed glories! It hurts my feelings—I would almost as soon think of speaking against my mother as of attacking Virginia!" and the lady's figure was drawn up with more than its usual erectness.

"Abuse Richmond!—my dear-

est Grandma, I assure you I never dreamed of doing such a thing! I love every stone in her dear old hilly streets, and I'd fight for her to the very death; but don't you see how ridiculous my fancy about her is? Richmond, the quietest of worn out cities, to become the capital of a great nation, besieged by a hostile host, and the turning point by the possession of which a great war would be terminated!—There, Grandma, give me a cup of coffee to wash away the picture; not being destined to immortality, I presume no one will interfere in my behalf!"

"I certainly shall not!" said Miss Charley, with chilling dignity, as she rose and left the breakfast room.

Frank followed in a short time, and after an ineffectual search through her favorite haunts, found her in the library.

She was standing at the window of a recess, which could be shut off from the rest of the room by a heavy curtain, and was known as "Charley's corner," and she looked so provokingly pretty that her cousin, taking advantage of his relationship, came softly behind her, and throwing his arms round her plump shoulders, ordered her to give the countersign, or yield herself his prisoner.

"The countersign is, 'behave yourself'—and, Frank, let me go at once!" she said in a tone he did not dare disobey; so removing his hands, he stood by her side.

"Charley" he said, attempting to take her hand, which was firmly planted in the depths of her apron pocket, "You act very strangely—you treat me like a perfect stranger. Why would'nt you kiss me last night, when I came?"

"Because I did'nt want to!"

"Very satisfactory reason I declare, but a piece with the rest of your conduct! Charley, something's the matter with you—I never did see any one so changed! Before I went away and when I was here last, you were the dearest, sweetest little thing in the world—did everything I wanted—treated me as kindly as a sister, and were just as fond of me.—What has changed you, Charley?"

"I have reached the years of discretion, and learned to think!" was the reply given with all the superb dignity of seventeen years.

"Years of fiddlestick!—as to knowing how to think, I can't remember the time when you did'nt know how to do that, and to exercise a will of your own!

But, Charley, say, are you not going to give me the kiss?—I do want it so much!"

"I'll give you something you want a great deal more, Frank!"

"What is it?—Oh! Charlie you are the greatest girl in the whole world! What is it?"

"An apple-turnover—mammy made at least a peck yesterday for you."

"I did not come to Southside to be insulted—I shall leave this afternoon!" said indignant manhood, drawing itself stiffly up.

"Insulted!—Good gracious, Frank, who is changed now?—You know you used to love eating better than anything on earth and apple-turnovers better than any other kind of eating; how was I to know that your affections

had altered, or been *turned-over* to some new object?"

"My affections have not altered, but are now as they have always been, Charley, and you know it!"

"Well then, let me get you the turn-over."

"Now, Charley, you can't get off in that way. You know my affections are fastened on you, and the object of my life is to make you my wife—Oh! Charley, I do love you so much!—My very soul is on fire ———." "Then the sooner you put it out the better, Frank! Not however, that it will do you any hurt, for to my certain knowledge, it has been on fire in the same way, exactly, six times! You know you made me your confidant in each of your love affairs, and I entered them day and date, in my journal."

"But, Charley, my dearest cousin, that was'nt real love—it was all make-believe, and compared to what I feel for you is like day-break to twelve o'clock! Oh! Charley, you are so pretty—indeed you are, and your figure is perfection. I never did love any girl as I do you!—I could do any thing in the world for you!—For you can exclaim in the words of the Greek Poet ———"

"Stop, Frank, you'll get out of your depth if you touch poetry or the Greeks! You say you'll do anything for me; well now, be the dear, good, sensible fellow you used to be before you got this notion that you love me, in your head."

"Notion that I love you!—Cruel, unfeeling girl, I not only love you; but I adore you! Oh! Charley, return that love—you do, I know you do, if you would only confess it. Why will you not confess it and put us both out of our misery? By George, she's laughing at me!—Charley, you are enough to drive me mad!" and the young gentleman stamped his foot in a manner which must be confessed, was rather boyish.

Miss Charley bit her red lips and tried to turn down their dimpled corners to a becoming degree of gravity, and stood plaiting the strings of her silk apron, while her cousin made an effort to swallow his wrath, and then continued in a formal tone:

"Miss Preston, I am at present nineteen years of age and may be presumed to have reached man's estate. I have the honor to make you an offer of my heart and hand. May I request that you take the subject under your serious consideration, and return me an answer at your earliest convenience?"

Mr. Lee pronounced this speech in a manner of such dignified solemnity that it reached the verge of the ludicrous, and then folding his arms over his swelling chest, and throwing back his handsome head, stood the impersonation of impatient importance.

Charley walked round in front of him and stood for a second gazing up at him with a face dimpling all over with mirthful mischief. Then raising her little hands, she gently grasped the downy tuft on each cheek, to whose cultivation the young gentleman devoted the greater part

of his existence, and looking up into his eyes with the archest expression, said in the sweetest voice as she turned her bright head to one side in a peculiarly bird-like manner:

"Frank, let's drop it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE LADIES.

AMONG so many elegant women it is hard to choose of whom first to speak. Perhaps age, should have the priority, and I will give a slight sketch of one who had many other claims to that distinction. Mrs. John Mayo, the mother of Mrs. General Wingfield Scott.

She must have been nearly 70, still, a fine looking woman, talked fluently, and well, and was called a woman of talent. She went to all places of amusement with her daughter, and at parties generally found some gentleman who would spend the evening with her over the chess or back-gammon board, though I have often seen her enjoying a sober game of whist.—Although both were silent games, she found opportunity to say a good many good things. The parties at her house (the Hermitage about a mile from town) were *real entertainments.* Music, readings, wit, humor,—she, and her accomplished daughter knowing so well how to bring out the agreeableness of their guests, that each one contributed to the amusement of the whole, and all went away satisfied with themselves. Mrs. Mayo lived to a great age, and retained her love for society to the last. I remember her coming to the hotel in Richmond to see me, when she was upwards of 80—cheerful, talkative, and pleasant as ever.

Mrs. Judge Nicholas was one of the most elegant women I ever saw. Not beautiful, but with a grace and charm of manner, more attractive than beauty; cheerful, refined, dignified, she presided over her entertainments so as to make all happy, while she was herself, apparently, the unconscious "observed of all observers."

Near to Judge Nicholas' modest house, was the newly erected and splendid mansion of Mr. Wickham—everything about it was on a scale of magnificence then new to Richmond. Mrs. Wickham was very beautiful—dressed in "gold and pearl, and costly array"—everything about her was magnificent—she was polite and lady-like—and a fine musician. Always willing to gratify her company, with her performance on the piano. The guest, did not seem to enjoy themselves in her dining-rooms, as in others less brilliant. Everything

was *too fine*, she was the great lady, of a great establishment, and kept herself at a great distance from the great multitude, therefore, when they went there, they were too much petrified to be at ease. I have heard that when Mrs. Wickham's daughter grew up, there was more sociability and not so much form.

Of all the houses in Richmond, Mr. Wirt's was the most agreeable to me. He then lived in a white wooden house on Grace street. It was taken down several years ago, and a large brick house built on the site. Mrs. Wirt was a little grave, but so kind, refined and easy in manner, that she was no restraint on the young people who were reveling in the wit, humor, and gaiety of Mr. Wirt. It was delightful to see a man, who the applause of listening senates could command, give himself with perfect abandon to the amusement of a parcel of silly young girls. Mrs. Wirt was a splendid performer on the piano, and her music was the charm of the evening at her house. The company was select—the size of rooms preventing large assemblies—the conversation, if not literary, a little less frivolous than in larger companies. Both host and hostess, were so highly cultivated, as naturally to give it a higher tone. Mrs. Judge Cabell, the sister of Mrs. Wirt, added another charm to the attractions of her house. I have already spoken of her matured beauty, grace and urbanity.

Mrs. Peyton Randolph was another of those lovely women who flourished at that time. Her early romance, as the lady-love of the celebrated John Randolph, of Boanoke, may have given her some éclat—but the madonna beauty of her face, and refined urbanity of manner, would have been admired under any circumstances. There were many others who, perhaps, ought to be mentioned, who contributed to the splendid society of that day.

The young ladies must have a separate chapter. First, the peerless Maria Mayo—afterwards Mrs. General Scott—head, heart, form, and features were of the first order. Sensible, witty, accomplished, cultivated—where was her equal? None aspired to it. Old and young, male and female looked upon her as a nonpareil. Withal she was so perfectly amiable that envy itself was disarmed.—Scores of lovers bowed at her shrine, and when rejected as lovers became friends. It was some two or three years after the period I have been writing of, that General Scott came to renew his addresses to Miss Mayo—his first love. Staying, at the time, in the house of a friend and confidant, I became so familiarly acquainted with him as to know the progress of the affair, and I think I never knew a man more deeply *in love*, and strange as it may seem to some who have known their after history, I believe the attachment continued to his death. The last time I saw him (in '59,) he spoke of her with the greatest affection, and regretted that her *health* had kept her so much abroad, while his duties detained him at home. It is the fashion now in the South to abuse General Scott, but may

I not speak of him as a young man—the hero of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. That he was a good officer, a brave and gallant man no one will deny; but I speak of him as he was in private, amiable, affectionate, a true and constant friend. His manners were affable, his conversation fluent and full of classical allusions, without pedantry. Thus I ever found him in our little social circle, where the vanity which so many exaggerated had no display, and where the good qualities of his head and heart were appreciated by true friends. Much as I regret he was not with us, I cannot blame him for what must have caused him a struggle.

I would like to describe many of the young ladies who were my companions—but I can scarcely individualize where there were so many lovely and accomplished. Perhaps I ought not to omit the accomplished daughters of that gallant old hero, of Stony Point, Major Gibbern, whose house was the seat of hospitality, enlivened by the harp, and piano, of his daughters, nor the neighboring splendid mansion of Mr. Marx, on the corner of Fifth and Cary street. His was also a lovely family, highly educated, and his eldest daughter, just out in company, was an oriental beauty, a brunette, with soft almond-shaped eyes, glancing through the long silken lashes, and the sweetest expression of countenance. I have heard she had lately become a Christian, as well as some of her sisters. In the fashionable circle in which I spent this gay winter, there was very little outward show of religion. We went to the Capitol every Sunday where Mr. Buchanan, Episcopal, and Mr. Blair, Presbyterian, alternately held service. They both were excellent men and good preachers—but did not make the distinction between the Church and the world that we now do. I have seen them stand and look on the merry dance, apparently enjoying it as much as the young folks.

The monumental church was not finished, and the church afterwards built for Mr. Blair, on Seventh street, not thought of. I suppose there was a pastor on Church Hill, but that was unknown ground at that time to the fashionables of Shockoe. The general tone of society, in Richmond, was highly moral. If there was vice she was ashamed to show her face, and the tongue of scandal was not tolerated. I don't remember ever to have heard an unbecoming word or allusion.—The constant presence of elderly ladies and gentlemen in high position naturally put a wholesome restraint, on the exuberance of youthful spirits. The loud-laugh was considered ungraceful and slang words abominable.

The young ladies of the present day may be skeptical as to the education of their grand-mothers, but I can assure them that I never hear finer music, or more literary conversation than beguiled my youthful evenings. I make no invidious comparisons with modern times—but I must confess, I have sometimes, of late years been startled by a burst of laughter from a pretty young girl, and

somewhat pained by hearing a a group of wild girls and clever young men talking in tones better suited to a mill, than a drawing-room. I have given my impressions of my first winter in Richmond, succeeding years ripened many of the acquaintances then made into life-long friendships and as I turn over the leaves of the volumes of memory, I will make such extracts as I think may be interesting to others—though it is difficult to select, where all is of interest to me.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, DISTRICT NO. 1, UNDERWOOD J.

Virginia! how sad is thy case,
  How degraded thy judgments impartial,
When Underwood sits in the place
  That once was adorned by a MARSHALL,
We say it with reason that Fate
  Was cruel, if not undiscerning,
To give Knavery, Pedantry, Hate,
  For Goodness and Wisdom and Learning.

They tell us that Justice is blind,
  And thus we may safely determine
How Underwood e'er was assigned
  To wear her immaculate ermine;
His peer you'll not find in your track,
  Though you travel from Maine to Missouri,
Whose villainous heart is as black
  As the faces of five of his jury.

Foul spectre of Jeffreys, avaunt!
  Apparition of Impey, be quiet!
When Underwood comes with his cant
  To investigate murder and riot;
Yet if you will not be denied,
  But insist you are birds of a feather,
Take your places at once by his side
  And all three sit *in banco* together.

THE HAVERSACK.

WHATEVER good qualities the Southern soldiers possessed at the beginning of the war, a fondness for work was not among them.—The order to intrench never failed to elicit a growl of discontent. It was not long, however, until the discovery was made that "a pile of red *yeath* (earth) was a good thing," as the old tar-heel expressed it, when a minnié struck the embankment just before him. For a time, "spades were trumps," until the newspapers began to pour into camp with the indignant comments of *fighting* Editors upon such a mode of warfare: "West Point science," "pick and shovel Generals," "Joe. Johnston strategy," &c., &c. Then for a brief period, these criticisms chimed in with natural indolence, and the "boys in grey," in the last days of '61 and the first days of '62, had as great an aversion to labor as "the gentlemen in black" have in this blessed year, 1867, of liberty, harmony and reconstruction. It was not long, however, until the soldiers discovered that the aforesaid fighting Editors did not set the example of "bravely charging breast-works with the bare bosoms of freemen." They began to suspect that there was a little, a very little humbug about these gallant flourishes, and the pick, shovel and spade rose in market value. Another difficulty was not long in springing up and proved a more powerful auxiliary to laziness. After the works had been painfully constructed at much expense of sweat, grumbling, and it may be, something a little more emphatic, the boys would be marched off abandoning the fruits of their labor, or they would have to fight behind the earth pile of some fellows even lazier than themselves. So it came to be a common saying with them, "we are willing to dig, if you'll let us *fight behind our own dirt.*"

E. R. F., of Gainesville, Alabama, tells us of a rather remarkable application of this notable phrase. One day when the boys were bitterly grumbling about a change in their position, which had thrown them behind "the dirt" of other troops, a very hard looking specimen of rebeldom passed along, who was more sooty, more greasy, more begrimed and more dirty than even the lazy crowd of malcontents. Corporal Dial, 5th Ala. battalion, cried out, "here's a fellow, who ought to be satisfied, he fights behind his own dirt! No ball can ever get through that pile on his face!" After that every dirty-faced fellow was said to fight behind his own dirt.

What a happy political illustration is here! How many are now "fighting behind their own dirt!" Have a little patience: they will soon eat it all up. They are good at that sort of thing!

Our kind friend F. O. Seth, Esq., of Shreveport, La., furnishes us with a hard story on a conscript officer. Capt. H ——, a well-known conscript officer,

had a great horror of forcing a genteel, well-dressed youth to volunteer to fight the battles of liberty, and when some of his under-strappers had caught one of these valiant defenders of home and fireside (literally,) the captain was fain to find some excuse to let the young hopeful go. One day, an unusually nice youngster was brought in by the "local meelish." The captain, instead of complimenting the gallant captors on their handsome feat of arms, looked daggers at them, and took the pretty youth into his employ, and his confidence, as a sort of A. D. C. about his headquarters. For some time, things went on smoothly and smilingly between the loving pair, when it became necessary for the captain to render an account of his stewardship and give up all his pets to the camp of instruction. That he might not be lacking in due honor and respect to his young protegé, the captain took him in his own buggy and drove him over in handsome style to the depot aforesaid. The captain not being personally known there, took the precaution to take with him his official papers, setting forth his rank, dignity and authority. He drove up to the hotel looming up in solitary grandeur near the camp, and ordered a room and a good supper for himself and his charming young friend. The Maine liquor-law had been excluded from that benighted region, by the rigors of the Federal blockade, and the two friends had a jolly night of it.

Waking up the next morning with an uncomfortable feeling in the head and a dryness in the throat, which seemed to call for ice-water, or some cooling mixture, the captain opened the door to get some fresh air. Much to his disgust, he found a sergeant and a file of men ready to escort him down to camp, as "the conscript whom Captain H—— had turned over to the camp of instruction!" Exclamations, explanations and protests were all in vain, and off he was taken to the camp.

Young hopeful having a stronger head than the captain, had resisted more stoutly the attacks of "bald-face," and when his chief went under, he rose up, seized the captain's pocket-book, official papers, horse and buggy, and driving over to camp, he produced his authority, and called for a guard to bring over a "drunken conscript." It was some days before the "little joke" could be understood and the little mistake could be rectified. Our young hero, in the meanwhile, had gone on his way rejoicing, and the captain's horse and buggy traveled in company with him.

From Nashville, Tennessee, we get an account of a brave Kentucky boy, the son of Capt. Geo. C. Bain, Signal Officer in the Army of Tennessee. Capt. Bain was in the corps to which the writer of this belonged, and he is not surprised that the son of such a man should act nobly.—The boy, 11 years of age, had begged his mother to make him a rebel flag. She did so, and the little fellow hoisted it on a very high tree just over the schoolhouse, presided over by a North-

ern school-mistress. She ordered him to take down "that emblem of treason;" he answered, "I can't do so, my poor father is away off, fighting under that flag. 'Tis my flag!" The "school-marm" sends for a bundle of switches and orders him peremptorily to climb up and bring down "the nasty thing." The boy hesitates, but at length mounts the tree and carries the flag to the topmost limb where a squirrel would almost fear to climb, and there securely fastens it, with the boyish exclamation, "there now, get it, if you can!" He dodged mistress and rods on his descent from the tree and hastened home to his mother, who cordially embraced her son. Mrs. B. was, however, subjected to a good deal of persecution, and finally ordered out of the State.

This incident drew forth a stirring poem from J. R. Barrick, Esq., which was published in the Memphis *Appeal*. We have only space for two verses:

"My father fights beneath that flag
A soldier true and brave—
He bears its staff—he bids its folds
In proud defiance wave!
Unto its faith my mother, too,
With woman's love adheres;
To every Christian virtue true,
She kneels in silent tears—
Her prayers, in pure devotion, given
To God, our Country, and to Heaven.

Then I will scorn so base a deed;
And palsied be the hand
That would disgrace that honored flag
In this my native land!
Cursed be the tyrant's slavish power
That would compel my youth,
In this, its dark, ill-omened hour,
So falsely prove to truth;
I would—than such an act be mine—
A martyr to the cause resign."

A former Surgeon of the C. S. A. sends from Woodlawn, S. C., an account of the troubles of a brother Surgeon on the retreat from Dalton:

Surgeon —— had a chest disease, which rendered it inconvenient for him to carry a haversack with even the light weight of rations, which fell due to a rebel officer of his grade. So he substituted a little basket to be carried in the hand, and lest it should become a target for the sharp-shooters, he carefully covered it up with a newspaper and placed a copy of Chisholm's Surgery on top. Believing that he had effectually concealed his basket, he ventured boldly to pass the 24th Alabama, resting by the road side. But the keen eyes, of a little fellow not more than sixteen, penetrated the disguise, and a sharp treble voice sung out: "bread and butter, here goes the school-master with his spellin'-book and his dinner in his basket. Clare the way thar for the master!" This opened the fire, and the balls flew thick from every side. The good doctor quickened his pace and was beginning to think himself beyond range and fairly out of danger, when he encountered a tall, gawky, red-haired rebel lying in the road, who raised himself on his elbow and said in a very plaintive tone, "Mister, is you got any cakes to sell in that are basket? I'm powerful hongry." T. J. M.

Capt. Robt. E. Park, formerly of the 12th Alabama, gives some incidents connected with his regiment:

G. P. W. was a member of company F., of the 12th, and one of the very best soldiers in it, who

shirked neither duty nor danger. In the battle of Seven Pines he received a painful, but not dangerous wound. Most men under the circumstances would have gone to the hospital, but he preferred to remain in camp with his regiment. This, however, he regretted when he learned that men, who had gone to the hospitals in Richmond with slighter wounds than his, had been rewarded with furloughs. He then made a formal application for a furlough, but his being in camp was against him, and he was refused. Some time after, he was accidentally wounded in camp and again tried unsuccessfully for a furlough.

Having heard a great deal of General Lee's accessibility and generosity, he determined to see what could be done by a personal appeal. After several fruitless attempts to get an interview, he finally accomplished his object and told his story to the General in person. "I went," said he, "into the old General's room and he spoke to me very politely and asked what he could do for me. I told him that I had been wounded at Seven Pines and had missed my furlough when others not so badly hurt had been allowed to go home: that now I was wounded again, accidentally it was true, but that I might as well be at home till I got well: that I had never shirked duty in my life, and that my Captain and all my company would certify to it."

General Lee. "You say that you have never shirked any duty and received no furlough for your first wound?"

Soldier. (Hopefully.) "Yes, sir, I have always been at my post, and no one can accuse me of dodging."

General. "Very glad to hear so good an account of you. We need the influence of your example. We can't spare you. You can retire!"

R. F., of company F., of the same regiment, was not quite so good a soldier, and our noble old Colonel, R. T. Jones, had little use for a man, who would not toe the mark squarely in all his duties, and would omit no occasion to give such an one a quiet "left," if he thought the fellow worthy of so much notice.

On the change of base by Joe. Johnston from Manassas to Yorktown, when the brigade had been placed in the cars to go to Richmond, R. F. applied to the Colonel to go across the country with the wagon train. The Colonel looked at him very steadily and then in a deliberate, meditative sort of manner, said, "I'll need all my men who are worth a button long before the wagon train can reach Yorktown. *You* may go across the country with the wagons."

The oft told drummer tale comes to us from a Georgia source:

A very large citizen with enormous abdominal protuberance was standing by the road side watching the march of Joe. Johnston's men, when he was suddenly surrounded by a crowd joyfully exclaimng, "we've found him! we've found him!"—The captain of the company tried to get his men back

in the road, and demanded what they had found. The reply astonished the fat man. "Oh! captain, we've found the man who swallowed our bass drum!"

Irish wit is never at fault.—From Newbern, Virginia, we get an illustration of Pat's readiness to get out of a scrape, though he is proverbial for the ease with which he can slide into one.

While General John B. Floyd was encamped on Cotton Hill, in Fayette county, Virginia, in the fall of 1861, very stringent orders were given against the firing off guns without special permission. The enemy were in close proximity, and the firing might lead to a false alarm, or it might produce indifference to such sounds and permit a surprise on the part of the enemy. The rain fell for weeks in almost continuous torrents, the roads became almost impassable, supplies could not be procured, and we were forced to live on grated corn. In this time of trouble, Pat M —— was placed one night on picket. He got thoroughly drenched of course and what fretted him almost as much, he got his gun also full of water. Feeling the importance of having his gun in good order for a fight, Pat determined to fire it off on the sly and then clean it out thoroughly. He accordingly went out of camp to a very suitable place, as he supposed, and fired it off, when to his horror, he saw General Floyd riding up, in the rain storm.

General. "What do you mean by firing your gun? Don't you know that it's against orders?"

Pat. "And it's against orders is it, yer honor, far a mon to clane out a dirty gun?"

General. "Yes, you scamp, and you knew it. I've a mind to put you in the guard house on bread and water for a week."

Pat. "Thank ye kindly, Gineral, for the bread. It's meself that's been wanting the same this mony a long day. But, Gineral, you needn't mind the wather, I've got my ration of that rigularly every day, and night too, for the likes of that, for this two months past."

General Floyd was too much amused to haul Pat up for his disobedience of orders.

The next anecdote comes to us from the same Chaplain, to whom we were indebted in our last number:

In Taylor's Louisiana brigade during the campaign of 1862 there was a negro, body servant of one of the officers, who plumed himself on not being afraid to go near the lines during an engagement. At Winchester, he followed very closely that gallant brigade as it dashed through the town, and was thus enabled to secure a large share of the plunder left behind by "Mr. Quarter-master Banks."

After the battle was over, he excited the envy of the other negroes of the brigade, by exhibiting his spoils and recounting the story of how he had obtained them. They all agreed to place themselves under his orders and follow him at the next battle that they might reap a like reward.

Accordingly, when Taylor's brigade advanced at "Cross

Keys" the negroes of the brigade, some forty in number, formed a line in the rear, under the leadership of our sable hero. Pretty soon the shells began to fall unpleasantly near, there was a rolling of eyes, a dodging of heads, and a dropping out of line, and back to the rear by some. Their leader, mounted on his master's horse, rallied them, however, and by dint of persuasion, induced most of them to move forward.—At last it got too hot for his nerves, his bright visions of plunder vanished, and raising himself in his stirrups he gave, in stentorian voice, the significant order: "White folks and brave men to the front—niggers and cowards to the rear, double-quick, march." It is needless to add that the latter part of the order was promptly obeyed—our hero leading in fine style. J. W. J.

From an ex-confederate now in New York, we get the next incident:

In a recent number of *The Land We Love*, you mentioned the brave act of *our* Sergeant Luria, which gained him the proud title of "The pride of his comrades, the bravest of the brave." While reading it another incident of the same fight was brought to my mind.

Sergeant Freeman and private Godwin were standing together talking quite earnestly, when a 32 pound solid shot fell between them. Freeman, whose gun was being loaded, and had already received its cartridge, stooped down and picking up the shot, exclaimed, "We'll send it back, boys, with the compliments of the 'Light Guards,'" and then immediately put it in the gun, and back it went followed with "three cheers for Freeman."

That was the first shot that struck the vessel, the "Monticello," and it is more than probable that it killed the first man who was shot in battle during the war, as the first killed was on that ship, that day, May 19, 1861, and but three or four shots struck the vessel.

The casualties were Confederates killed, none, wounded, none. Federals killed, 10, wounded 6.

G. P. S.

From Baltimore, Maryland, we get an anecdote of the 1st Maryland cavalry:

In the summer of '63, just after the disaster at Gettysburg, this regiment was encamped on the "Pughtown road," just below Winchester, Virginia. A portion of company E, had been sent out on picket towards Martinsburg. After "relief" from duty, as rations were rather scarce, three or four of them started out for something with which to "relieve" the inner-man. They were stopped, however, by the infantry pickets, who had orders to pass no one without the written permission of an officer at least of the grade of Major-general, or by such an officer giving the order in person. While the boys were sorely perplexed at this unexpected difficulty, they saw Gen. A. P. Hill riding along alone.—P —— immediately galloped up to him and explained "the situation," which was as embarrassing

to them, as another "situation" has been since. He said that he was very sorry, but that he could do nothing for them, not in his corps, must apply to Gen. Stuart. But at length, seeming to pity the unfortunates, he said, "I'll tell you what to do, flank them."—P—— touched his cap, thanked the general, and then, dashing up to the guard, said, "all right, the general says pass us." The guard not having heard the conversation, let them pass. "Well," said General H——, "that's the coolest and boldest flank-movement I ever saw." C. S. M.

From Captain W. N. N. of Millwood, Va., we get another cavalry anecdote:

On Hood's retreat from Nashville, a broken down infantry man dropped out of ranks, hoping that he might get a lift from some merciful trooper in the rear guard. As the cavalry began to pass, he made known his wants, but got the same reply from each and every one, "have but one horse and he don't carry double."—One benevolent "man on horseback" stopped, however, and kindly asked the weary man what was the matter, "most gone up the spout," said footsoldier, "I'm broke down walking, and want some fellow to give me a lift."

Trooper. "Does it tire you to *walk?*"

Infantry. (Very pitifully,) "Yes, I'm 'm-o-s-t gone up. It breaks me down to walk."

Trooper. "Well, then, give me five dollars and I'll teach you how to *pace!*"

The broke-down man recovered his wind sufficiently to pursue trooper at 2-40 speed.

Our next anecdote is of a gallant Missourian:

During the latter part of the siege of Vicksburg, the soldiers were almost hourly looking for Gen. Joe Johnston, with an army of relief, and frequently the boys would ascend to some high point of observation, and cry out that Johnston was in sight. Well, on the 25th of June, that part of the works occupied by the 6th regiment Missouri infantry, was undermined and blown up by the enemy, and among the other sufferers, was Lieut. Wm. Prather, of that command. He was blown very high, indeed, and notwithstanding he was so badly injured as to necessitate the amputation of one of his legs, his first words were "*boys I saw Johnston.*"

P. F. W.

It has been the glorious privilege of rebel soldiers not merely to be witty themselves, but to be the cause of wit in others. The following piece of fun, which they have been the means of developing, is really inimitable:

WHEREAS, "No legal State government or adequate protection for life or property now exist in the rebel States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas; and whereas, it is necessary that peace and good order should be enforced in said States until loyal and republican State governments can be legally established."

PEACH CULTURE.

FRUIT culture is destined to be a profitable branch of industry at the South. Unavoidable neglect, and want of a market during the war; and since its close, the inability of many to cultivate their orchards properly, have tended to check its progress, but the profits for many years previous, gave encouragement to those who were engaged in it, and holds out promise to others who may be disposed to embark in the business.

Cotton planting must gradually recede Westwardly and find its most profitable culture in the rich bottom lands of the Mississippi Valley. The Atlantic States cannot compete in such a race, and must turn their attention more to farming and the nicer operations of husbandry.

In consequence of the thorough revolution in our labor-system, and the necessity of seeking other modes of profitable investment, and diversifying our agricultural operations, the subject of fruit raising for market assumes an important place among our industrial resources.

Our southern latitude and forward seasons give us monopoly of the northern market a month or six weeks before the large orchards of Delaware and Jersey, and this advantage is retained through the season as the different kinds of fruit come into bearing. Those who expect to go largely into fruit culture must seek a northern market. The local demand in the towns and cities of the South is not sufficient to take up large quantities of fruit, and even near the larger cities, the neighborhood supply would interfere with extensive sales.

In determining the kind of fruit best adapted to market, we must consider the *cost* of, *facility* of, *and time* occupied in, *transportation*. In the Northern States where population is dense and communication frequent and rapid from one point to another, all kinds of fruits and vegetables are raised and transported to distant markets profitably. Here at the South, where communication is less frequent, and the distance of transportation greater, the small and perishable fruits cannot stand the long time on their journey, nor the frequent handling necessary on the route. These must be confined to the home market. Peaches, apples and grapes have been found best adapted to this trade, and will bear transportation well. Previous to the war, there were large peach orchards situated at favorable points on the railroads and rivers which yielded handsome profits to their owners. Immense quantities of fruit were shipped from Norfolk, Wilmington, Savannah and Charleston; and always found ready sales in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore. The same thing can be done again; and when the situation is favorable and the management judicious, peach culture is perhaps the most profitable of all agricultural operations, not

even excepting cotton at the present rates.

As there are many who now are seeing the necessity of changing their culture from cotton to some other lucrative employment, and are seeking information on this subject, we propose to devote a paper to *Peach culture.*

LOCATION OF AN ORCHARD.

The first point to be determined is the locality. Is the soil adapted to the Peach? Is the climate (reasonable exemption from late spring frosts) suitable? Are there facilities for reaching a market?—These favorable conditions co-inciding, the business may be considered profitable.

1. *Soil and Situation.* Almost any soil, not too stiff nor wet, and on the other extreme, too light and barren, will suit the peach. Too rich or damp a soil is apt to produce disease and rot in the fruit—too poor a soil is deficient in nourishment, and the fruit, though healthy and highly colored, is wanting in size and flavor. The best soil is a moderately fertile, light friable loam with porous subsoil, well drained either naturally or artificially. Freshly cleared lands are better than old fields, and an old peach orchard must be avoided.

2. *Climatal condition.* This, one of the most important considerations, is often overlooked. It is not every place even in the same neighborhood, that has equally favorable situations for an orchard. The chief danger to the crop is the late spring frosts which we so often have at the south. The peach is one of the earliest trees to bloom, feeling the first approach of warm weather. The fruit in our latitude (middle region of South Carolina) is formed by the end of March; and we are liable to cold snaps until the middle of April. The object therefore is to select such a situation as will be least affected by frosts. The whole crop of a season, worth many thousand dollars, may be killed in one place and escape in another a few miles off, merely from difference of situation. This occurs frequently in the vicinity of Aiken where there are many extensive orchards, and *has occurred* this very season, when places not two miles apart have been differently affected.

The highest ridge lands which slope off gently to the valleys are the safest; flat lands and valleys should be avoided. The cause of this is dependant upon well known meteorological laws. At night, or as soon as the sun's rays are withdrawn, the earth begins to cool by radiation if there is a clear sky. The air in contact with the ground cools first, and this cool air being heaviest, descends to the valleys, and displaces the warmer air, which ascends gradually to supply its place. The low grounds thus become cold much sooner than the hill tops; and as this displacement is going on all night (if the sky is clear and there is no wind)—this rolling down of the cooled air from the higher grounds into the lower, and the ascent of the warmer currents to take its place, the difference in temperature by morning is very marked. Every one observant of these facts has often seen the effects of

killing frosts in the valleys up to a definite line around the margins; and all above that line, safe and unharmed. In parts of our mountain region, this effect is so well marked that there are belts of land on the mountain sides known to escape year after year, whilst situations above and below are liable to frosts. The warm air of the valleys heated by the sun during the day, has risen to that point and acts as a protection.

As the danger of frost arises from the cooling of the earth by radiation, and this only takes place on a clear night, if we can produce artificially any obstacle to free radiation, and thus arrest the cooling of the surface, we accomplish the object as well as clouds would do it for us. Some persons have used these means, by building fires with damp wood or straw, so as to produce dense volumes of smoke. If there is no wind, and the temperature is not too low, it answers the purpose well, and a small expense incurred in this way, may save thousands of dollars.

In large orchards, it should always be done. Preparation is made by depositing at certain distances apart (say about fifty yards) through the orchard, collections of kindling wood, straw, rotten wood, or any kind of material that will give out a large volume of smoke. This is all fired about midnight, and if there is no wind, a dense canopy of smoke will be formed over the orchard. If there is a high wind, there will be no necessity for this protection.

3. *Facilities for reaching a market.* In estimating the probable profits of an orchard, facility of reaching a market is an important consideration. The *cost* of transportation, the *time* occupied, and the *changes* from one mode to another, requiring frequent handling of the packages, must all be calculated. The free-stone peach, if picked as soon as it attains full size and color, even though hard and unripe, will continue to become mellow, and can be kept for at least a week, and at the end of that time, be ripe and sound.—Water transportation is preferable to railroads; and the less handling the packages have, the better. When opportunities for the Northern market are not oftener than once a week, then a home market must be used for the fruit that becomes over-ripe in the interval. In selecting a situation for an orchard, all these considerations must be attended to.

SELECTION OF TREES.

Young trees are always to be preferred, one year old from the bud. In planting largely of peaches for a market, it is necessary to have budded trees, so as to have all the trees of each kind together that ripen at the same time. As our object is to have the earliest fruit in the market, we select the best early varities, and plant largely of them. Hale's early, Tillotson's early, Amelia, and Crawford's early, ripening in the order in which they are named, are the favorite kinds. Then follow, Alberge, Large Early York, Crawford's late, Pays, &c. This succession which comprise most of the best varieties known, will last until about the beginning of

August, at which time the Jersey and Delaware orchards come into market. Other varieties can be got from the nursery-men which continue through the season, but as a matter of profit, the Southern orchardist had better lay out his whole stock in the early varieties. After the Northern orchards come into market, prices fall very materially.

In determining the relative proportions of each kind to be planted, due regard must be had to the facilities for sending them off to market, and for gathering, packing and hauling. If opportunities for sending to market occur as often as two or three times per week, and extra pickers can be hired for the time, then a large proportion of the earliest of the above-named should be planted, as the earliest fruit commands the highest price. In an orchard of, say 4,000 trees, the following proportions may be recommended, Hale's early, 1,000, Tillotson's early, 1,000, Amelia, 500, Crawford's early, 500, Crawford's late, 500, Pays, 500. For orchards of greater or less size, the proportion may vary somewhat, but under any circumstances, if the greatest profit is to be considered, as large a proportion of the earliest kinds should be planted as possible.—Fifteen or twenty pickers will go through 1,000 trees in the course of eight or ten hours, so that they may be gathered in time for packing and hauling.

The nursery catalogues have a large number of choice varieties, from which to select, all of which are good fruit. But in making the selection of fruit for a distant market, the free-stone varieties are to be preferred, as they can be picked whilst hard and firm—and become ripe in the course of a few days. The cling-stone does not ripen after being picked from the tree. The varieties mentioned above, with the relative proportion of each, are the kinds usually planted in the large orchards about Aiken, S. C., which for many years previous to the war, sent large quantities of peaches and of very fine quality to the Northern market.

PLANTING OF THE ORCHARD.

The ground should be thoroughly broken up by the plough, (deeper the better,) and then checked off by single furrows, twenty feet square. This distance between the trees will allow of the orchard being cultivated in some useful crop, and thus insure better cultivation to the trees. At the intersection of these rows the trees are to be set. The holes should be opened at least four or five feet wide and eighteen (18) inches deep. Care must be used not to set the tree too deep. This is often a cause of injury, from which they sometimes never recover. They should be planted no deeper than they originally stood when growing;—and a slight mound may be drawn up around the stem to keep them firm until the roots strike, and afterwards removed. In opening the holes, throw all the richer surface earth on one side and the poorer subsoil on the other. If the hole is too deep, fill in with some of the surface soil, taking care to have it well pulverized;—

on this the tree is placed, with the roots carefully spread out, having previously removed any broken or bruised portions. Then bring in the rest of the surface soil about the roots, using a special care to pack the earth in closely around and under the small roots; then fill up with the subsoil.—This plan gives the roots the benefit of the good soil, and the poor subsoil covering the surface, is clear of weeds and grass. If the soil is light a moderate share of some well decomposed compost, mineral manure or guano should be applied in the hole just around the roots. This gives the young trees a good start, and a firm hold in the ground before the equinoctial gales.

Previous to planting, the young trees should be cut back to about eighteen inches or two feet from the base. They are received from the nursery with the full growth of the previous season, from the budding which was inserted two years before, a few inches above ground. There is no risk, therefore, in cutting back, of destroying the wood of the variety with which it is budded. Trim off side branches and leave a bare twig with its undeveloped buds.—The terminal buds always shoot out most strongly and some three or four must be retained and encouraged, (the lower ones being rubbed off) to form the head of the tree. This should be carefully attended to, as on the disposition and arrangement of these first shoots will depend the shape of the tree, a very important matter. In our long and hot summers, it is necessary that the trunk be protected from the direct rays of the sun, otherwise the tree is invariably injured, the southern or southwestern side dying, and inducing decay in time through the tree. Encouraging these branches at about one or two feet above ground gives the tree a good shape and affords this protection. If the soil is sufficiently good (but not otherwise) crops of cotton, potatoes, peas and corn may be planted between the the rows for several years, but small grain must be avoided, or, at any rate, not allowed to run to seed. It is essential to the health and vigor of the peach that the ground should be kept free of grass and weeds and ploughed once or twice during the growing season. As a matter of economy therefore, it is advisable to plant a crop of some kind in the orchard, manuring just so much as to keep up the fertility, without making it extremely rich.

In the following winter the trees must be pruned by cutting back the leading shoots to two or three buds on each, and removing all others. Three, or at most, four main branches are quite enough to form the head. The peach worm must also be destroyed.—This will be found at the base of the tree, just under the surface, and their presence can generally be known by gummy exudation which appears on the surface around the tree. By scraping away the earth from the base and using a pointed knife or a piece of stiff wire, the borer is easily caught. As the egg is always deposited on the bark at or near the surface, many persons adopt the plan of

tilling the trees in early spring, and in the fall drawing the earth away, thus exposing and destroying the worm. Petroleum is now recommended as a powerful vermifuge, and it is probable that some mixture impregnated with coal tar, petroleum or kerosine in such proportion as not to injure the tree, may prove efficacious. Pruning of the trees and destroying the borer is an annual winter work in the orchard. Until the trees come into bearing, which should be in the third or fourth year after planting, the pruning must be severe, cutting back at least ¾ or ½ of the new wood, and after they begin to bear fruit, they will still need the knife annually to reduce the amount of wood and keep them in shape.—In a large orchard, the trees must be kept so low as to be easy of access to the upper branches. All vigorous upright shoots which are likely to grow too high, should be cut down, and lateral branches encouraged. After the trees come regularly into bearing, the pruning is then done to prevent overbearing and to keep the trees in shape. The fruit is borne on the small branches, and when these are luxurjant, one-third or one-half the growth may be taken off, thus reducing the quality and giving larger and better flavored fruit. Avoid as much as possible the tendency to divide into forks. This is a frequent cause of splitting down when the tree is well loaded.

If an orchard is so situated as to be exposed to high winds, which in summer prevail mostly from the southwest, it is a good precaution, in setting out the young trees, to give them a slight inclin- towards the southwest.

GATHERING AND PACKING THE FRUIT.

In planting out the trees, of course all of one variety are placed together in one body for the convenience of gathering. It is advisable so to arrange the orchard, as to have each kind next adjoining the others, in the order in which they ripen, so that the pickers, after finishing one set, are near to the others.

The harvesting of course will depend upon the facilities for getting them off. If there was a daily communication between our seaports and Northern cities, it would be all the better; but this is seldom the case. More frequently it is once or twice only in the week that opportunities offer. When such is the case, extra work must be done to get off the large quantity that ripen in the interval. Most generally extra labor can be hired for the occasion. Before the war, we had steamers once, and sometimes twice a week from Charleston to New York. The day before the sailing of the steamer, the peaches were picked, boxed and sent down by night train on the railroad to the city, ready for shipment in the morning. The voyage was about three days, so they reached New York on the fourth or fifth day after picking. If care was used in handling the boxes on the way, they were generally in sound condition, and ripe enough for use.

As many hands must be employed as will gather all the fruit

in time to be packed and hauled to the cars. As soon as the buckets are filled, they are taken up to the packing house, and then assorted;—the firmest peaches packed separately for the distant market, the fully ripe for some nearer market.

Boxes and baskets are both used for transportation. The former are prepared for a distance as they contain more, and are less apt to be injured. Those used in the Aiken orchards are usually made of the following dimensions, viz: two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and eight inches deep, with a partition in the middle to divide the contents. The two ends and centre piece are eighteen inches long, eight inches wide, and three-fourths of an inch thick—the bottom boards, two feet long, nine inches wide, and one-half inch thick. The two sides and top are covered with open slat work (the slats one-half inch thick) to allow ventilation. A box of these dimensions will hold 1½ bushels, can be easily handled, and pack together conveniently for transportation.—They must be well filled, and the fruit pressed down firmly by the top covering, to prevent bruising and shaking. The ordinary sized peach basket, which can be got in any quantity from the manufacturers for twenty to twenty-five cents each, holds about three pecks.

PROFITS OF THE ORCHARD.

A peach orchard favorably situated, and with transportation facilities to Northern markets, offers one of the most profitable investments in the whole range of agricultural operations. If the land is moderately fertile, and the trees are planted sufficiently far apart, other crops may be raised to advantage in the orchard, so that during those years when the fruit crop fails, there is no loss in cultivating the trees. When good crops are made, the profits are enormous.

I will give some data, drawn from our experience in the Aiken orchards, by which the costs and profits of this business may be estimated.

Young trees, one year old from the bud, (which is the proper age for planting) costs in the Jersey and Delaware nurseries about $100 to $125 per 1000—those at the South, somewhat more. Many persons prefer giving an extra price for Southern raised trees under the belief that they are hardier and better adapted to our climate. Our opinion, here, is that the Northern trees are perfectly healthy and as a general rule, do as well as any others.—The trees can generally be delivered at a cost of about $150 to $200 per 1000, all expenses included. The cost of labor in preparing the ground and planting the trees will vary in different places, and can be estimated by each one to his own satisfaction.

In the third year, the orchard will begin to yield some profit, and as they increase in size, the profits increase. A full grown tree will yield from a half to one or two bushels, according to size and vigor. In a good orchard an average of about one bushel may be expected. The first peaches

in market command from $12 to $15 per box, gradually falling to $7 or $8 per box until August when the Northern peaches are ripe. The average price through the season, allowing for losses of all kinds, and deducting expenses, may be set down at $5 per box.—An orchard of four thousand trees whose first cost is about $800, will, in five or six years, be in a condition to yield a profit of $10,000 per annum!

The most serious obstacle we encounter, is the occasional loss of the crop, either partial or total, from frosts in the spring. This danger, as stated above, should be considered, in determining the location of an orchard. There are certain portions of the country more or less exempt from this risk, whether from the configuration of the surface, the influence of sea breezes, or other constant causes. The safest guide is the experience of persons who have long resided in particular localities and have observed the effects of the seasons.

The following statement, taken from a record of the seasons in the vicinity of Aiken, is given:

1853. Peach crop abundant.
1854. Peach crop killed by frost.
1855. Peaches killed by frost April the 8th.
1856. Peach crop abundant.
1857. Peach crop killed April 7th.
1858. Peach crop abundant.
1859. Peach crop partially destroyed by frost of April 6th.
1860. Peach crop full.
1861. Peach crop partially killed by frost of March 18th.
1862. Peach crop abundant.
1863. Peach crop partially injured by frost of April 4th.
1864. Peach crop killed by frost March 22nd.
1865. Peach crop abundant.
1866. Peach crop partially killed.
1867. Peach crop partially killed by frost March 29th.

It will be seen by the above statement, that in fifteen years there were four total failures of the crop—six full and five partial crops. The different orchards suffered more or less according to location, those most favorably situated having some fruit, even in those years noted as total failures.

When exemption from this danger can be ascertained, or a reasonable exemption expected, and the facility for transportation good, and the soil suitable, the business of raising peaches for market may be undertaken with confidence of success and profit, if the management is judicious.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the depression still prevailing in commercial circles, our publishers are generally doing well. The number of new books printed this season is not so large as the spring usually ushers into the presence of the reading public, but considering the financial stringency that has prevailed since last summer, the publishing houses have little if any reason to complain.

It is gratifying to note indications of a wholesome change in the literary tastes of the people. For several years past the book markets of the North have been flooded with small volumes of sensational trash, usually of a military flavor; but the demand for them is gradually declining, and there is a prospect that it will be very considerably diminished before another year passes away. Many worse than worthless books are still published, but these libels on literature no longer possess the strong attraction for the masses that such works had during the war period. Books of standard merit and permanent value are steadily growing in favor, and there is some ground for a hope that the American people will soon cease to waste time and money on works which can have no other effect than to pervert their taste and corrupt their morals.

A reprint of the ninth and tenth volumes of Froude's History of England, just issued from the press of Chas. Scribner & Co., is perhaps one of the best publications of the season. These volumes bring the American up to the English edition. They contain some passages to which many readers will object, as inspired by prejudice or bigotry, but the history promises, nevertheless, to have a large sale in the United States. The Memoirs of Madame Recamier, the famous French beauty and intimate of most of the celebrated soldiers and statesmen of Europe in the beginning of the nineteenth century, is another foreign book that is selling well. The book itself possesses sufficient interest to secure for it a large share of public favor, but its sale has been assisted considerably by the indiscriminate puffing it has received in the press. The curiosity of the readers of poetry is a good deal excited by the announcement that Swinborne has another volume in press. Some advance sheets have been received here, but I have not seen any of them. Swinborne's last volume, the second published by him, was very severely handled by most of the critics, and it certainly deserved all the denunciation it received.—The author is undoubtedly a man of genius, and it is a pity that he does not make better use of his gifts.

It is now nearly thirty years since the literary world first learned that Longfellow was engaged on a translation of Dante's Divina Comedia. The task is at length finished, and we are promised the first volume during this

month. The work will be complete in three volumes, and the publisher anticipates an unusually large sale for it. The last volume will appear soon. All three will be printed on paper made expressly for them, and will prove one of the handsomest sets ever issued from an American press.—A long and somewhat prosy narrative poem entitled "The Votary" was issued a couple of weeks ago from Carleton's press, but though announced with great flourish, it has not yet made its way into public favor. Mr. Doolady's press has given us two ambitious volumes of poetry by a Mr. Osborne. They embrace four poems which are presented to the public as tragedies and comedies. That they contain considerable poetic merit is generally admitted, but there is too much poetry already in the market for these to obtain much popularity. A translation of "Frithiof's Saga," by Rev. W. L. Blackley, M. A., and edited by Bayard Taylor, is among the latest announcements. The volume consists of twenty-four ballads, from one of which the following verse is taken as a specimen of Swedish poetry:

Spring-time cometh; wild birds twitter,
woods grow leafy, sunshine beams,
Dancing, singing, down to ocean speed
the liberated streams;
Out from its bud the glowing rose peeps
forth like blush on Freya's cheek;
And joy of life, and mirth, and hope,
within the heart of man awake.

There have been several Southern books published in New York since the war, and nearly all have sold well. Miss Evans' "St. Elmo," and John Esten Cooke's "Surry of Eagle's Nest," have brought most money to the publishers. "St. Elmo" is still selling nearly as well as when the first volume appeared, and Carleton thinks the editions will ultimately run up to fifty. In speaking of successful Southern books, it would not be just to overlook Craven's "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," which has really been the most successful book of that class ever published in New York. Among the later publications are "Mosby and his Men," and "The Cruise of the Shenandoah," two books for which a great popularity was anticipated. The expectations of the publisher have not, however, been realized. "Mosby and his Men" is not generally considered reliable, and the author of the "Cruise of the Shenandoah" indulges in some reflections on Captain Waddell which have not helped the book. "The McDonalds," a story of Sherman's march, has just been published by Mr. Mullaly, of the *Metropolitan Record*. This book is cheap and well-written, and promises to have a large sale.—The first edition was all ordered before it left the hands of the binders. Mr. Mullaly is one of the most enterprising of our young newspaper men, and I am glad to say he is attaining a merited success.

The resuscitation of Putnam's Magazine has been proposed, but it is not likely to be carried out. We need a better magazine than any now published in the North. *The Atlantic Monthly* is simply a receptacle for Boston ideas, and *Harper's* is hardly fit for decent people to read. There is a good field for a new magazine of the right sort, but our publishers seem to lack courage to embark in enterprises of that kind.

EDITORIAL.

SOME of our friends have asked us for an expression of opinion upon the political issues of the day. There is a double mistake in this inquiry. First, ours is not a political periodical. Second, we are living in District No. 2. and we fully appreciate the significance of the correspondence between a rebel governor, so-called, and the hero, who "never saw the face of his foe," (or "only the backs of his enemy," which is it?) Our interpretation of that remarkable correspondence is, that while freedom of press and speech is very handsomely guaranteed to all, who will favor the Sherman bill, there is a shadow of doubt as to whether so patient a hearing will be accorded to the other side. Now our secret proclivities are towards the Brigadier. We decidedly prefer him *out* of the Union to such a man as Tennessee has got *in* the Union.—The experiment in Tennessee has not developed latent reconstructionism in our bosom, as rapidly, as did the battle of Gettysburg develop latent Unionism in the breasts of some old secessionists we wot of. In other words, we would rather trust a soldier of the government, who has fought for flag and country, according to his convictions of duty, than one of our own renegades, whose only guiding principle has been his own supposed self-interest. The Districts, which can elect consistent Union men of honesty and intelligence—sincere lovers of country—ought unquestionably to go forward and do so. But where the selfish and renegade element is too powerful for the honest, honorable, and consistent; then the Brigadier ought to be clung to with hooks of steel. While the Districts are under the immediate control of the government, there is no danger of confiscation. The faith of the American soldiery is pledged against it, and by a fair implication, the government has become a party to that pledge, by accepting the terms of surrender. When the Districts lapse back into States, the pledge is removed, and they are allowed to regulate their own affairs. Then is the time when the real danger begins; when confiscation, oppression and murder are to be feared. Poor Tennessee understands all about this thing.

But we are told that there is no danger of getting so bad a man as Brownlow in any of the Districts. We are not so sure of that. History tells us of men, who were fully as wicked. Marat, Robespierre and Judas Iscariot were just as depraved as he, not so vulgar and blasphemous, it is true, but of no better heart. The world is no purer now than then, and we fear that in each of the five Districts, there are just as atrocious wretches, as the vulgar tyrant of Tennessee.

The selfish man is always to be distrusted. He will sacrifice country, friends, the wife of his bosom, the children of his own

flesh and blood, anybody and everything for self-advancement and self-aggrandizement. Hence, if we abandon the Brigadier for the renegade, who, from selfish motives, has stultified his whole previous career, we have made a miserable exchange.

Finally, in answer to the inquiry as to our position, we would say that, while this is an age of wonderful revolutions in sentiments and opinions, we were born at the South and of the white race and have decided to share the fortunes of our color and section.

General T. L. Clingman calls our attention to what he claims to be an error in General Beauregard's Report of the Battle of Drury's Bluff, published for the first time in our May number.—General C. states that the retirement of the two regiments of his brigade was in consequence of the withdrawal of Corse's brigade. Just the reverse statement is made by General Beauregard. We know nothing of the facts in the case, but we are sure that General B. will be glad to see any unintentional error corrected. The matter therefore is submitted to his consideration.

The enterprising publisher of the *Renaissance Louisianaise* is issuing a French translation of Pollard's Lost Cause. The rendering is excellent, the typography beautiful, and the illustrations superb. One of the illustrations is a splendid photogram of Lee and his Generals. We have seen nothing equal to it; the likenesses are life-like, and the execution splendid. The book has also fine steel-plate engravings of Mr. Davis, Generals Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others.

The Publishers have done their part more creditably than anything of the kind has hitherto been done at the South. They deserve great success for their energy.

A gentleman writes to us from Alabama that our Magazine would have a larger circulation in his State, if it was printed at the South; since people are disposed now to encourage home industry. The man who would buy a ready-made coat at the North, will object to buying a book or pamphlet, printed there. What is the difference in principle? Does not the home tailor deserve as much encouragement as the home printer? However, we would inform our friend that we do our own printing in the good and loyal town of Charlotte, and get our paper and covers from our next door neighbor, Lincolnton. We never thought of printing in the North, but the failure of the contracting party here, to fulfill the contract, compelled us to get the first four numbers printed by Gray & Green, of New York, until we could get our own establishment in operation.

We are living here in a working country. Messrs. Wiswall & Tiddy, who furnish us with paper, get large orders from the Publishing Houses of New York and Philadelphia. This paper is also bought in those cities by Southern publishers, and makes thus two trips over the same road.

Our town has shipped more

cotton in the last two years, than either Columbia or Charleston.—One of the largest, and probably the very best, woolen factory in the South, is located here. It is well-known that, during the war, the North Carolina troops were better clad than any in the Confederacy. They wore the Rock Island cloth of our townsmen, Young & Wriston. Since the war, improved machinery and appliances have been introduced into this factory, until its fabrics are of the best and most substantial character. Our town, soon to be the centre of three great railways, with five branches, has in addition a large trade by ordinary roads, and sometimes two hundred wagons are seen in our streets. We are being reconstructed on the true basis, the white man taking the lead in work. With such surroundings about us, we assure our Alabama friend that we feel the necessity of doing our own work too, and it is all done just here and nowhere else.

A Virginia lady writes to us to know "at what time our 'late enemies' became late." What a question to propound to a loyal Editor in District No. 2! But we can answer it. We would rather be the destroyed than the destroyers. We would rather belong to the desolated section than to the desolating section. We would rather belong to the country, whose sins have been preached against for thirty years than belong to the people, who furnished pulpits and preachers. Christ himself has told us that there is more hope of publicans and sinners than of self-righteous pharisees. We have never heard of a single Southern church being desecrated by sermons against the sins of other people. What else has been the theme of the Beechers and the Cheevers for the last quarter of a century?

The South, then, so far from feeling the rancor and bitterness of defeat, should feel that she stands on high moral vantage-ground and that she can afford to be generous and magnanimous, forget past differences and extend the friendly greeting to good men of every creed and every section.—Greeley has nobly said that no great, enduring party can be based upon the wrath and hatred engendered by war. He might have added that no nation and no individual can afford to cherish revengeful feeling of any kind. It dwarfs the intellect as well as sears the conscience and hardens the heart. It belittles the nation by depriving it of grand, generous and expansive ideas. It makes the man narrow-minded, bigoted and intolerant. When we have reached that point demanded alike by christianity and sound philosophy, then all enemies become "late;" and so our fair friend's question is answered.

And there never has been a time in the history of the world when there was greater need of a combination of the good, the honorable, and the true of all ages, sexes and conditions against the fell spirit of agrarianism, and infidelity that threatens to subvert the very foundations of society, and overthrow all that is venerable, respectable, and of good report.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE MCDONALDS', OR ASHES OF SOUTHERN HOMES. A TALE OF SHERMAN'S MARCH. BY WM. HENRY PECK, OF GEORGIA. Metropolitan Record Office, New York, 1867:

The author has occupied a Chair, at different times, in several of the best Colleges of the South. His literary taste and skill as a writer were well known in Dixie before the war. His contributions, since, to the *Old Guard* and the *Metropolitan Record*, have given him a national reputation. We regard the present volume as one of his happiest efforts. While it only claims to be a novel—it is really a more valuable contribution to history than the pleasing little story of Major Nichols.* The Professor preserves the unities in his romance, the Major is utterly regardless of consistency. Thus on the very page (119) which speaks of Sherman's belief that extermination must take place with a certain class at the South, he tells us "little children cling to the General's knees and nestle in his arms with intuitive faith and affection." Trusting little things! they could not but confide in the man, who had burned the paternal mansion, the barns and smoke-houses, and left them nothing to eat, but the offal of the camps! On page 131, we have from the Major these lines," the well-known sight of columns of black smoke meets our gaze again; this time houses are burning and South Carolina has commenced to pay an instalment, long overdue, on her debt to justice and humanity. *With the help of God, we will have principal and interest before we leave her borders.*" Page 139, "wide spreading columns of smoke continue to rise wherever our army goes. *Building material is likely to be in great demand in this State for some time to come.*" What a jocular fellow the Major is! Page 140, "where out footsteps pass, fire, ashes and desolation follow in the path." But immediately after all this exultation over the burning in South Carolina, he denies that Columbia was destroyed by order! Yet, after finishing his "story," the gallant Major comes back with intense gusto to the destruction in South Carolina by the man whom little children had such an intuitive faith in! Page 278, "on every side, the head, centre and rear of our column might be traced by columns of smoke by day, and the glares of fires by night." But they did not burn Columbia, of course not! Not a single painted house was spared from the torch in all Beaufort district and few in Barnwell, on the line of march. But Hampton burned Columbia. It is scarcely possible that the men, who had been so merciful in other parts of South Carolina, would become ruthless when they reached the Capital! It is too absurd. And then the Major tells us how they

* The Story of the Great March, by Brevet Maj. George Ward Nichols.

found some sixty or eighty starving negroes at Howell Cobb's plantation, where Sherman's army got large supplies of corn, bacon, and sorghum molasses.—The negroes, although left to themselves, had been too honest to touch any of these things and preferred, good conscientious creatures, to starve instead!

Professor Peck has given us a more consistent story than Major Nichols, though he does not describe as many horrors and atrocities as the latter. The Georgian evidently relates the revolting incidents with horror and disgust. With the Major, it is a labor of love to tell of the deeds of the bummers, and depict the awful scenes of that desolating march.

The principal character in the McDonalds' is Seth Cashmore, a Massachusetts saint, first changed into a Southern speculator then into a "persecuted Union man." We thought, at first, that the learned Professor had undertaken too much in this combination of Beelzebub, Mammon and Moloch; but Mr. Seth Cashmore "fills the bill" to perfection.

In plundering the upper story of a house in Columbia, which he had himself fired below, Mr. Seth Cashmore finds some difficulty in getting down, and gets a foretaste of the other country:

To descend was impossible.—He leaned over the hall balustrade and gazed downward. Nothing met his straining sight except rushing, roaring, mounting fire, from whose red tongues rolled upward a suffocating smoke, hot and stifling as the breath of devils.

He must go up. There was a small step-ladder, leading to a trap-door which opened upon the roof, and he sprang to that with the activity of wildest terror. He reached the roof, and filled his parched lungs with deep draughts of the night wind. He thought he was safe, with nothing before him but the simple feat of clambering from that roof to the next, the one on his left, for that on his right was already in flames.

It was no easy matter to climb along that sharp roof-top with a broken arm, and faint from loss of blood. But he could do it, must do it, and reach the eaves of the adjoining house. There was no time for delay, for already the flames from which he had fled, were darting angrily through the sky-light, as if looking for him, hunting him down, hungry to devour him.

He moved on, slowly and painfully, his shattered arm swinging in torture at his side. He raved and cursed; he shouted for help; shouted an incoherent prayer; then blasphemed; hoped, despaired, died a thousand deaths in struggling to save one miserable, pernicious life. But still he moved on, the roof growing hot beneath his wide-stretched limbs and unwieldy body, while puffs of smoke began to shoot from among the warping shingles. He writhed on, half choked by the dense masses of smoke now and then borne down upon him by the wind. From his lofty perch he had a rare view of the burning capital. As far as his eye could reach, north, east, south, and west, on every side, rose the red and glaring ministers of Federal vengeance. He could hear the shouts of those who vainly tried to check the advance of those fire-warriors of Shermanic conquest; the cheers of those who fed the flames; the yells of a wild, half-mad, infuriated soldiery, waging sharp war under the dread banner of "re-

lentless devastation!" He heard the shrill screams of terrified women, and sharper shrieks of homeless children, none the less shrill, sharp, and heart-rending because they rose from the lips of "rebels;" for God gave even "rebels" hearts to bleed and souls to despair—a fact of which no note was taken in that order for "relentless devastation!"—a fact ignored by Stevens, Butler, and other gentle-hearted beings whom courtesy calls human.

Seth Cashmore had a rare view of blazing Columbia, and no doubt, under other circumstances he might have rubbed his greasy palms, rolled his exultant eyes, and licked his lips with all the infernal gusto of a Lloyd Garrison, reveling in a dream of universal negro insurrection and abolition destruction. But as it was, he saw nothing to admire, except the decreasing distance between himself and the next roof.

He had almost reached it, had shouted with joy, as he extended his unwounded arm to clutch the eaves, when, as if by magic, all that roof sank done—sank so suddenly, that his hand remained out-stretched, grasping at the empty air—sank down with a great puff, almost a roar, and then a volcano seemed to rush straight up from where it had been.

"Better be dashed to pieces than be burned to death!" groaned the miserable wretch, as he recoiled from the dreadful heat which swept upward like a sirocco from the hottest pit of the infernal.

So sudden, so intense had been that breath of fire, that his hair and beard were crisped to his blistered scalp and skin, and unable to endure the horrible torture, he toppled over sidewise, hoping to roll from the roof and be dashed to instant death upon the pavement far below.

But fate, as if resolved to give the wretch a foretaste of the doom he so richly merited, thrust a spike in his garments as he rolled from the eaves, and thus suspended him in mid-air.

He was seen by those below, writhing and twisting like a worm on a hook. A mass of smoke shut him from view, the walls of the blazing house fell suddenly inward, and that was the last ever known of Mr. Seth Cashmore.

His bones and flesh went to swell that great heap of the ashes of Southern homes which he had been a very demon in aiding to make, and doubtless his soul fled to its appointed place.

DOLBEAR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

Open Constantly, Day and Evening

Cor. of Camp & Common Streets,

IN THE ELEGANT AND SPACIOUS IRON BUILDING,

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

Founded in 1832---Chartered by the Legislature of Louisiana.

WITH COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL DEPARTMENTS.

THIS COLLEGE has, by its own merits and thorough, practical plan of Education, out-lived all the liberally endowed State Colleges of this and the South-western States. It is the

Oldest Commercial College in the United States.

TERMS:

Cost of full Commercial Course here—Tuition	$145
Board for three months	90
Contingent expenses, about	20
Total	$255

After which the student is ready to go into business, and make $1,000, $2,000, or $3,000 annually.

Board and lodging in American, French, Spanish or German families at from $30 to $35 per month.

College Office, Room No. 7.

FACULTY.

RUFUS DOLBEAR, President, Lecturer on Business Customs, Book-keeping, the science of Penmanship, etc.
Agricultural Department, ————, Principal.
Mechanical Department, ————, Principal.
Commercial Department. F. A. Monroe, Member New Orleans Bar, Lecturer on Contracts.
Mathematical Department. George B. Brackett, Professor and Lecturer on Commercial Calculations.
Book-keeping Department. J. B. Griffith, Professor and Lecturer on Book-keeping, etc.
English Department. Rev. George W. Stickney, Professor and Lecturer on English Literature, etc., etc.
French Department. J. V. Surrureau, Professor.
Department for Penmanship. B. B. Euston, Prosessor and Lecturer on Business and Ornamental Penmanship.
Spanish Department. Manuel Merino, Professor.
German Department. Rev. A. C. Hoppe, Professor.
Latin and Greek Department. M. Marino, Rev. A. F. Hoppe, Professors.

Students intended for this College should bring this Circular.*

N. B. If the people of the South will give one-tenth the amount to this College they have to some Northern Colleges, we will have the Agricultural and Mechanical Departments opened immediately on a most extensive scale.

Such a system of education would double the value of every acre of land, and every city lot in the whole South, and make the South independent and prosperous, instead of being in destitution and beggary. We should then raise and make every article, and every commodity, that the South requires.

It is worse than insanity, it is crime to neglect this at this time.

This College is under a regular Board of Trustees, and has a perpetual charter. All things are taught and practiced here, the same as in actual business.

Health.—For seven years New Orleans has been as healthy as New York or Philadelphia. In thirty-five years the College has never lost a student by death.

RUFUS DOLBEAR, President.

July 1867—

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL,

With Compost Attachment and Grass Seed Sower.

OUR DRILL is universally approved wherever used, and has never failed in a single instance of giving entire satisfaction. An important advantage our Drill possesses over all others, is, that by means of a series of marked gear wheels the quantity of seed per acre is regulated and the quantity controlled by simply changing one gear wheel for another, and when the proper gear wheel is on, the operator can go ahead and sow with an absolute certainty of getting on the requisite quantity of seed, without the trouble of measuring off a portion of his land, and experimenting a long time to get it right, in fact it goes off the first time invariably, and we wish it distinctly understood, we warrant our Drills to sow with mathematical accuracy whether the land be rough or smooth, up hill or down, side hill or level, driven fast or slow. The advantage of drilling over broadcast sowing, at this age of improvement, need hardly be alluded to, but were there nothing gained by increase of crops, the amount of seed saved, and the labor of harrowing after broadcasting would of itself warrant the expense of a Drill for each 100 acres sowed. Our Drill sows from 4 to 16 pecks to the acre. It sows wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c., and is so constructed as to plant corn or beans in drills by simply shutting off the feed to as many tubes as you desire. We have in our possession certificates from practical and scientific farmers recommending our Drill for planting corn, and it is believed to be the only Drill so constructed as to perform this work in a satisfactory manner.

GUANO ATTACHMENT

TO

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL.

The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN.

W. L. BUCKINGHAM, General Agent, 59 1-2 S. Charles-st., Baltimore.

May 1867—6m

LOUISBURG MALE ACADEMY,

LOUISBURG, N. C.

THE next SESSION of this INSTITUTION will begin the SECOND MONDAY in JULY, 1867.

TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS.

Board with the Principals (washing, lights and towels not included)	$75 00
English Tuition,	20 00
Latin, Greek and French, each, extra,	5 00

Boarders must pay half in advance.

Louisburg has long been proverbial as the "village of Schools" and its reputation in point of health and morality, is unsurpassed. It is our endeavor to prepare boys thoroughly, to enter to advantage any College in the country, or to qualify them for all the practical purposes of life. Mathematics being the ground work of a business education, more time and attention are devoted to that, than any other branch of study.

M. S. DAVIS,
H. E. SHEPHERD, } Principals.

June—1867

THE BINGHAM SCHOOL

Is pleasantly located near Mebaneville Depot on the North Carolina Railroad, in a remarkably healthful region.

The Course of Instruction is

Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial,

Including the branches of study essential to a thorough preparation, either for a University course, or for business.

This School was established by the grandfather of the present proprietors, and has been in successful operation for more than sixty years.

For Catalogue exhibiting terms, &c., address,

Col. WM. BINGHAM,

April, 1867—9m MEBANEVILLE, N. C.

W. L. ALEXANDER,

Quitman, Wood County, Texas,

Attorney at Law, and Real Estate Agent,

For the purchase and sale of improved and unimproved Real Estate, perfecting Titles, payment of Taxes, and furnishing such information as may be obtained from Public Records or other sources.

REFERENCES:

Hon Z B Vance, Charlotte, N C
Hon Wm P Chilton, Montgomery, Ala
Hon F B Sexton, San Augustine, Texas
Hon W Porcher Miles, Charleston, S C
Hon L J Gartrell, Atlanta, Ga
Hon J H Stan, Nacogdoches, Texas

April, 1867. 4

THE HICKS' STEAM ENGINE COMPANY,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

AGENTS WANTED in each county in North Carolina, with responsible references. One-tenth of SALES will be given, no traveling expenses allowed.

Apply to Office of

"LAND WE LOVE,"

June 1867— Charlotte, N. C.

EDWARD J. HALE & SON,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

HAVE removed to No. 16, MURRAY STREET, a few doors from Broadway, where they are prepared to supply their Southern friends and the public—Booksellers, Merchants, Teachers, Professional gentlemen, and others—with all articles in their line, at the most reasonable cash prices. Address

E. J. HALE & SON,

June, '66.—2t. 16, Murray Street, New York.

COLINS & M'LEESTER'S

NORTH AMERICAN

TYPE, STEREOTYPE, & ELECTROTYPE

FOUNDRY,

And Printers' Furnishing Warehouse,

No. 705 Jayne Street, Philadelphia.

TYPE WARRANTED EQUAL TO ANY MADE.

Old Type taken in exchange for new at 15 cents per pound, if delivered free of charge.

The Type on which "THE LAND WE LOVE" is printed, is from Collins & M'Leester's Foundry.

Select Boarding and Day School,

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

HILLSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.

MISSES NASH AND MISS KOLLOCK, PRINCIPALS.

☞ Circulars furnished on application.

July 1867—6t

JNO. C. BROWN. *JAS. McCALLUM.*

BROWN & McCALLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

Will practice their profession in Giles and the adjoining Counties.

July, 1867—3m

TYSON, TRUMP & CO.,

Manufacturers of Fine Silver Plated Goods,

NO. 61 N. CHARLES-ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,

WOULD invite the attention of the Southern Public to our choice assortment of Rich and Elegant

Silver Plated Ware of latest Silver Patterns.

All our Electro-Plating being done by us exclusively, we can assure those purchasing of us, of obtaining in all cases, the amount of Silver represented to be on each article, and at as low rates, as first-class goods of Northern Manufacture. We name in part,

TRIPLE-PLATED

Tea Sets, Ice Pitchers and Coffee Urns, Communion Sets, Oyster and Soup Tureens, Casters, Waiters, Cake and Card Baskets, Butter Coolers, Vases, Vegetable and Fruit Dishes, Egg Boilers, Pickle, Wine and Celery Stands, Napkin Rings, Pie, Ice Cream Fish and Cake Knives, Crumb Scrapers, Pearl, Ivory and Metal handle Knives, Dinner and Desert Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, &c., &c.

Photographs, with prices annexed, of any of our leading styles, sent by mail to persons wishing to purchase, and upon receipt of their order, such goods as selected, will be forwarded *per Express C. O. D.*

WARE of all kinds Replated in the best manner.

Extra-heavy Goods, for Hotels and Steamers, made to order at extra cost of Metal.

Address, TYSON, TRUMP & CO.,

61 N. CHARLES-ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

May 1867—3m

CHARLOTTE FEMALE INSTITUTE.

A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, delightfully situated in a retired and pleasant portion of the City of Charlotte, N. C.

Officers and Instructors.

Rev. R. BURWELL, Principal and Instructor in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Mathematics.

JOHN B. BURWELL, A. M., Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Ancient Languages.

Prof. A. BAUMANN, Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Prof. WM. BENZIGER, (Graduate Geneva College, Switzerland,) Drawing, Painting, and Modern Languages.

Mrs. M. A. BURWELL, English Branches, and Superintendent of Social Duties.

Miss H. EMMONS, English Branches.

Miss MARY PENICK, Music on Piano and Guitar.

Miss MARY BATTE, English Branches.

The Session consists of two terms of twenty weeks each, the one commencing the 1st of October, and the other the 15th of February.

EXPENSES PER TERM OF TWENTY WEEKS.

Board, with every expense except washing,	$105 00
Tuition, in Collegiate Department,	25 00
" " Primary Department,	20 00

Music, Ancient and Modern Languages, Drawing and Painting, extra, at usual charges. For Circular and Catalogue, address,

Rev. R. BURWELL & SON,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

RICHMOND ECLECTIC MAGAZINE,

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY.

THE ECLECTIC contains the choicest selections from the British Quarterlies, Monthlies, and other periodicals of standard merit; thus presenting in a cheap, convenient and attractive form whatever is most worthy of perusal and preservation in the entire field of foreign literature.

Nothing *sectarian* will find a place in the Religious department, and while articles of a sectional character will be excluded, at the same time nothing shall be introduced which is out of harmony with the convictions and sentiments of Southern readers, with reference to the interests, rights, and institutions of the States they inhabit.

Each number contains about 100 octavo pages, double columns, printed in clear type, on fine paper, with buff covers; the 6th and 12th numbers furnished with index and title-page.

TERMS: $4 a year—in advance; $5 if payment is deferred for six months; $6 if for a longer period.

MOSES D. HOGE,
WILLIAM BROWN.

Address—*Richmond Eclectic Magazine*, Box 452, Richmond, Va.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY, N. C.,

(Twenty miles from Charlotte, N. C.,)

UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE PRESBYTERIES OF

BETHEL, CONCORD, AND FAYETTEVILLE.

The 60th SESSION of this College opened September 28, 1866. This Institution is probably the best endowed of all our Southern Colleges, and contains the largest building for the accommodation of Students. The locality is remarkably healthy. Founded in the prayers of the Presbyterian Church, the College has been blessed in sending forth many pious young men and in furnishing our Theological Seminaries with many Students.

FACULTY:

Rev. G. W. McPHAIL, D. D., PRESIDENT,
Professor of Moral Philosophy, Evidences of Christianity, and Political Economy.

Rev. E. F. ROCKWELL, M. A.,
Professor of Latin, and Modern History.

J. R. BLAKE, M. A.,
Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Geology.

A. McIVER, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

Rev. J. M. ANDERSON, M. A.,
Professor of Mental Philosophy and Belles-Lettres.

W. G. RICHARDSON, M. A.,
Professor of Greek and Modern Languages.

Tuition, $15 for each term of three months. Room-rent, servants' hire, &c., $10, for the same period.—Board at the Steward's Hall $14. The above charges are in currency. The use of the Scholarship is so far restored as to be available for the immediate family of the owner.

November, 1866. 1 y

THE II. VOLUME of the **Land We Love**, handsomely bound in library style (half calf) can be had on application to the Publishers. Price, $2 per Volume. HILL, IRWIN & CO.